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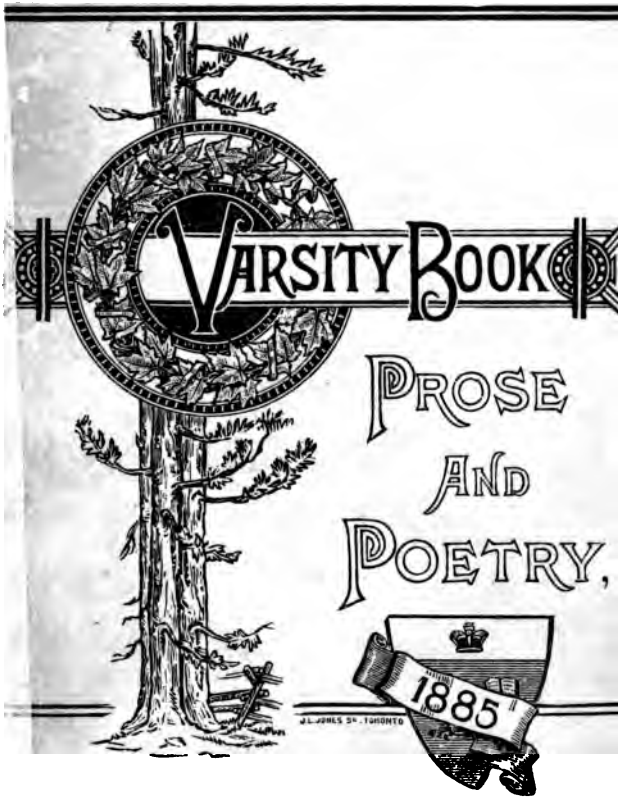
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PROSE
AND
POETRY.
1885
J.L. JONES Sc. TORONTO

K. M. O'Brien.

with love from

A. H. O'B.

Christmas
1885

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1885

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THESE songs fly forth to you, old friends,
Who once have walked the echoing corridors,
Or pressed swift feet upon the grassy lawns,
Or drunk the spirit-haunted pages here;

To wake again the memories of days,
The vision of the happier days gone by,
To wake again the murmur of the pines,
To show the grey towers rising in the gloom.

And so when days are wan and hearts are cold,
These songs may bring again the joy of youth,—
A glow that rises in the flaming west,
That lingers last when the sweet sun has gone.

THE SONG AT EVENING BY THE STREAM.

HAT sweet country girl we met,
As we crossed the rippling stream
Singing in those tender tones
At the spray-wet stepping-stones,
Filled my soul, friend, with a dream
Whose delight doth linger yet.
For her voice so sweet and low
Seemed an echo, as I heard,
And a music disinterred—
Seemed a voice from long ago.
And my heart again was young
In the hot cornfields of yore,
Where the reapers blithely sung
While they cut the golden grain,
And the work went swiftly on
Till the summer day was o'er,
And we took the shady lane
Homeward at the set of sun

Often then throughout the day
Would the farmer's daughter bring
Water for the thirsty men;
She was in her joyous spring,
April melting into May.
O, that she were yet as then!

Ah, I think I see her now
With a smiling face and brow,
Coming through the fragrant lane
Underneath the swaying trees
(She will never come again!)
In her cool white summer dress
Ruffled by the summer breeze,
In her maiden loveliness,—
Blushing deeply as she drew
Near the admiring harvest-crew
Hotly toiling in the grain,
Carolling the long day through—
Reapers who were mirthful then.

How this gloaming doth restore
Her sweet face, the years of yore!

In youth's bloom I see her go
Glimmering past the stooked-up sheaves
While the stars begin to shine,
Coming from the clover-meadow,

From the milking of the kine,
As of old on summer eves
When the fields were steeped in shadow
And the grass was wet with dew.
Then she sang the tenderest lays,
And her voice was soft and low
Like the voice beside the stream
Which recalled those happy days—
And a moment I was borne
To the faces loved at morn,
To my world of years ago,
And to her, my youthful dream.

D. B. KERR.

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Prose and Poetry

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TO M——

DEAR other self, whose love is more to me
Than to a fevered soul are sudden gleams,
In desert wastes, of swiftly running streams;
In this drear land my spirit faints for thee;
Far off across the barren miles I see
Thy radiant face; its tender yearning seems
A moon-lit river that, within my dreams,
Flows on and on into eternity.
My glad soul hastens to the river side,
And launches forth. O, joy beyond compare!
To feel the heavenly winds that, blowing wide,
Fill the white sail with an ethereal air,
To see within the tremulous, deep tide,
That all the stars of God are mirrored there!

AGNES E. WETHERALD.

GIGMANISM.

RESPECTABILITY is a dangerous thing. It is dangerous because it is so powerful. It has the unanimous support of dullness. It is backed up by the envious jealousy which ninety-nine men who think alike, feel for the hundredth man who thinks differently from them all. Women welcome it. It relieves them from the fear of the possible rivalry of their lovers' thoughts. It takes their husbands to church—making them outwardly, at all events, deferential. Finally, it is the product of the innate desire of the human heart to appear different from what it is. Respectability makes the "safe man." A respectable man is not dangerous. He is not likely to think very much for himself. He does pretty well what he is told. Your man of sentiment is erratic. He may have strange notions that matters are not going right. He is apt to exclaim with Hamlet—

"The time is out of joint—oh, cursed spite,
That I was ever born to set it right."

He is perhaps a little independent in the expression of his opinions—he is apt to be perhaps violent about them. He has a fancy towards mysticism—he disapproves of the sale of benevolences—he refuses to pay ship-money—he believes that the earth moves round the Sun—he is convinced that there lies an immense continent undiscovered across the seas—he thinks it an outrageous thing that because a man is born black he should be the chattel of a man that is born white. Respectable people do not like these novelties—they upset preconceived notions. They shake their honest heads. One nudges the other.

Hunc tu Romane caveto, hic niger est.

"What business has that fellow with such nonsense? Why cannot he mind his business as we do?" The spirit in the man of sentiment revolts. He becomes a Spinoza—a Luther—a Hampden—a Galileo—a Columbus—a Wilberforce. As Palissy the Potter, he burns his tables and chairs to produce his patiently tried for glazed ware—as Mahomet he comes back a conqueror from his Hegira—as John Brown he crosses at Harper's Ferry to die a

martyr—Cromwell beheads his king, because that king was a tyrant. Brutus kills his dearest friend, "not because he loved Cæsar less but because he loved Rome more." In our own Canada, on a smaller stage, we have had our dangerous men. Robert Gourlay rotted in jail because he exposed the respectable men of his day. The "Rebels" of 1837 gained for us responsible Government. Many of the actions of all the men we have named gave great offence to the respectable portion of the community. They themselves in their own persons paid the penalty of not thinking exactly as their neighbours. The reception of Goldsmith, when applying for the position of Professor of Greek in the Dutch University, is typical of what many of them who were scholars had to submit to. Behold Carlyle as an applicant for a Professorship at a Scotch University, and rejected by the respectable provost—Dr. Johnson in Lord Chesterfield's anteroom. These are examples of

"The scorn that patient merit of the unworthy takes."

But in spite of all, the man of real sentiment lives through it,—nay, he survives it! Some-

times he sees his idea suddenly powerful—then omnipotent; more often only his memory lives as the regenerator of his race—the saviour of his country—the benefactor of his kind; these are the true men of character. More often, the slights, the buffetings, the injuries do their work, and the proud, retiring spirit shrinks within itself, and, broken-hearted, the man is engulfed in the Slough of Despond. Or, he becomes like the others. He finds that it does not pay.. Domestic ties begin to fetter him. His wife likes society—his children must be educated. His rut in life gets fixed. Perhaps he meets some one older than himself who has gone through the same process. The latter has influence. He evinces a disposition to help the struggler, but there is an implied condition,—"to heel! join the rest of the Pack! no more false scents!" The opening seems a good one. The man who might have been a man of sentiment embraces it, and becomes a man of business—a professional man—and, as it were, one more soul is lost. How few there are who put the glittering vision by—who prefer to wander through the Elysian fields of thought rather than travel on the gold-dusty path of material success.

Where such a state of things prevails enthusiasm dies, and without enthusiasm what is life? Then

"To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
And all our yesterdays have but lighted fools
The way to dusty death."

Readers of Carlyle will recognize the term with which we head this paper. It is typical. "He was a respectable man," said a witness in the famous trial of Hunt, Thurtell and Probert, for the murder of Ware. "What do you mean by respectable?" "He kept a gig," was the answer. The gig was the emblem of solidity. A man who had a gig would "cut up" well. He was worth cultivating. The "gig" of our day is a much more extensive affair than that of the last generation. The turn-out is more showy—the pace is faster. But where is the "gig" taking us? Is it not catching up our best and brightest? And is not gig worship the feature of the age?

Let us not be so respectable. Let originality have some sway. Let the protest of genuine sentiment against sham be oftener heard. The time is ripe for a social Luther. Where is he

to come from? Can it be that the terrible earnestness of Communism is to solve the riddle? The obstructive artificiality of society is very compact; it will need a mighty force to destroy it. If that force comes from beneath, respectability will be quenched for many a day, and what will its requiem be? For its material comfort, regret; for its mental characteristics, unmitigated contempt. As the Frenchman felt for the system which the French Revolution swept away a century ago, so shall we feel for defunct Gigmanism. May its end come quickly.

R. E. KINGSFORD.

THE LOVE OF KEWAYDIN.

KEWAYDIN told this tale—
God of the western gale—
Coming as flight of quail
Over the marshes.

Gheezis, God of the sun—
Gheezis, almighty one—
Laughing the rivers run,
Laughing the seasons come—
List till my tale is done,
Gheezis, the mighty.

Far, where the south winds sleep,
Kanata,* mighty and deep,
Wild in its endless sweep,
Hurries to eastward.

Gheezis, the moons are long
Silent the suns glide on,
Silent the dark earth on,
Leaf follows leaf.

* Kanata : The St. Lawrence.

Many long moons ago,
Counted by winters of snow,
White as the blossoms that blow
Far in the forest;

Where many a dark wood dreams,
Where many a snow moon gleams,
Far by those southward streams,
Woke I from slumber.

Woke as the storms that wake
Far over breast of lake,
Making the wild woods shake
At their coming.

Grew I as in his lair
Grows up the grizzly bear—
Oft by the camp fire's flare,
In the midnight,

Stretched on the forest heath,
Heard I, with bated breath,
Stories of fight and death
Told by warriors.

Often soft suns sank down,
Often the leaves were brown,
Often the ghost snows wound
The naked forest.

Once in the moon of snows
Up from our fires we rose,
Wandered in search of foes
Through the forest.

Far to the north I led,
Death followed in our tread,
Many a one lay dead
In the midnight.

Wild as the autumn gale,
Wild as the wind and hail,
Faces that blushed were pale
When we left them.

Once as we slept at night,
Close by the fire's red light,
Swift on the left and right
Rose up warriors.

Soon in the fight we closed,
Many a one reposed,
Hushed on the driving snows,
There in the morning.

Far from the deadly fray,
As snows in the morning gray,
Went they the northward way,
Bearing me prisoner.

Once, as I partly slept,
Near me a soft foot crept,
O'er me a maiden wept
Tears of pity.

Soft as thy dreamy rays
Shine through a golden haze,
Fell as a glorious blaze,
Her love on my spirit.

Soft was the maiden's eye,
Soft as a sunset sky,
Answered she sigh for sigh
To my wooing.

Where could the soft lake rest,
But on the rude rock's breast?
Over the snows to the west
Fled we together.

Wild was the cry that night
When they knew of our flight;
Tomahawks gleamed like light
Round the camp fires.

Followed they thick and fast,
Fled we swift as the blast;
But death must come at last—
We were surrounded.

Strongest was love in death;
Leaped my blade in her breast,
Giving the winds her breath,
There in the forest.

Scowl gave I them for scowl,
Torture! a dog might howl,
Mine was a warrior's soul,
Breath of the Wind-god.

Gheezis, God of the sun,
Thus is my story done.
Gheezis, I come, I come—
Back unto thee I come.
Take me, almighty one,
Gheezis, the mighty.

W. W. CAMPBELL.

YE CLYPPE.

THER be in these now new-fangled dayes certaine maides whiche do not lack corage, nay, whiche do delight in showing to their compagnions such wytte as they do possesse. And certaine it is, that oftentimes their wytte be very brilliaunt.

How to define the kynde of maiden, I knowe not; as sayeth Sainte Anselm, when I trie not to explaine, then I knowe, but endeavourynge to tellen what I do know, then I know not. Ye clyppe is filled with poesie, for to hire nothynge shalle be ever dulle or commonplace The melancholie humours she dothe contemn, for because she hireself is lighte and blythesom.

Unto any deepe or useful knowledge she pretendeth not to aspire. Yet, altho' true it is that she teacheth not such thynges as nourishe or sustaine, yet ther shall alway mo be learnyd when that she is present than if ther be only suche as in these daies men do callen blue-hose.

Ye clyppe is very like to the cruet-stand. How brilliaunt so ever be the rest of the persounages, she is always the centre, and yet, not for any greate usefulnesse she hath, but contrarie, because she can to adde a relishe to such toughe and uncouth thynges as the other persounages do offer. Verily ther is moche spicy and peppery matter in hire nature, and if some shoulde saye ther is vinaigre also, methinks this be smalle in quantitie, and that contra-actyd upon by the smoothe and comfortynge oile of salade.

This maiden cruet-stand should not be too moche usyd. For that yf it bin the case that vij or viij tymes runnynge the relish be too muche lauded, then it commeth to passen that sober and lastynge thynges do pall ypon us.

It hath been said, and that with truthe, that beneathe the brilliaunt exterieure there lyeth goulden rychesse. Very like; yet sith that this dothe not oft appeare, it shall be a piece of worke interestynge and perchaunce profitable to discover it. If any doubteth lette him trye.

T. Arnold Haultain.

FORGETFULNESS.

SOME truths, if they are not acceptable, we can avoid; others, again, seem to be endowed with a troublesome ubiquity. At every turn, in unexpected places, at inconvenient times, they meet us and compel a recognition—though it be a grudging one. Prominent among these we must place the unwelcome truth that we are wofully prone to forget. We find ourselves obliged to thumb the leaves of an Ainsworth for a word that has slipped our memory; a book mislaid eludes the most persistent search; an engagement is remembered only when it is too late; these and a thousand annoyances of the sort befall us daily, and though the direct loss inflicted may be trifling, yet they all serve as exasperating reminders of our weakness. And in this there is an element of malice, for the weakness is inherent in us, and beyond our power to remedy. Each man, in his passage through the world, has great difficulty in grasping even a microscopic portion of the present, yet of this insignificant total of his labours, as it in its

turn becomes a past, all must be relinquished save a few chance fragments. The past is valuable. In the past of many are jewels, the like of which they may possibly never see again. All humanity is ever toiling to pull a trailing, slippery past up to the level of the present. In the light of considerations such as these, the poet Wordsworth grows painfully luminous, and we can enter appreciatively into his meaning when, with a backward glance to the beginning of things, he writes:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

but soon "Shades of the prison-house begin to close around;" we

"Forget the glories we have known,
And that imperial palace whence we came."

Thus the very commencement of our journey finds this pernicious faculty in full operation. On our first appearance we show ourselves in the character of inveterate spendthrifts, madly squandering our celestial patrimony; and all down the line of our march, till we disappear into the grave, is to be seen the same wasteful profusion. Some one has expressed the wish

that it might be possible to view as in a panorama the thoughts that arise in the mind during the course of a day, all in the order, or rather disorder, of their appearance. It is certainly a curious speculation, and if the experiment were but possible, it might give the solution to some knotty problems in psychological science. But the fancy, I think, would gain in moral significance, if, instead, our eyes could but see the long procession of neglected and lost thoughts which lie in a man's wake in his course between the two infinities. What a strangely motley throng! Grave thoughts, gay and trifling thoughts, thoughts whose company cleanses and ennobles, succeeded by others whose very presence is foul contamination. Here and there, too, among them may be seen the weird, shadowy, and oftentimes hideous creations of our dreams. Before such a multitude the vast and varied host which stirred the pride of a Xerxes dwindles away. Yet some there are who tell us that every man is fated sooner or later to confront and review these myriads; and it is a prospect before which I fear we all should tremble. The grand array has no attractions for us; we feel none of the pride of the Persian despot, but rather

bow our heads in shame and terror like the criminal before his accusers.

A failing which, even in possibility, leads to such unwelcome results does not readily present itself to our minds under any favourable light. Yet there are few things wholly vile; few, if any, which do not contribute at least a modicum of good. Accordingly we look for some relieving features in the all-pervading vice of forgetfulness, and it is cheering to find them not few nor inconsiderable. It ought not to be necessary to more than mention the many cases in which a failure to remember has given abundant cause for thankfulness, when the exact fulfilment of our own designs would certainly have ended in disaster. Yet it is a fact worth noting that this negative way of conferring a blessing meets with but slight recognition among men, whether it be that it is not attended with sufficient *eclat*, or it is invariably accompanied by a humiliating intimation of weakness. The soldier who is indebted for his escape from many a hot skirmish to his insignificant stature, is not likely to dwell upon that point with pride. But these individual cases, though many, do not by any means cover the sphere of utility of

forgetfulness. Strange to say, to it may in great part be attributed one of the most interesting of modern sciences. The eminent anthropologist, DeQuatrefages, gratefully acknowledges this human infirmity as the basis of the late brilliant achievements of his favourite science: "Man cannot live in any place without losing a number of objects, even those upon which he sets most value;" and from these relics it has been possible to establish his existence in remote geological epochs, and even to estimate the extent of his civilization. On the strength of this we may venture on the apparent paradox, that the past of our race is present by right of its own bad memory.

Forgetfulness under still another aspect may be considered as affording some practical advantages. Do we ever reflect how much the courage of the soldier depends on the exercise of this faculty, how his whole powers of action would be paralyzed did he allow himself to remember the ultimate effects of his blows? Who has not seen one returned from the wars shudder as he recalled the ghastly necessity which first nerved his arm to drive the cold bayonet into the warm breast in front of him? Before coming to that, how much must he

have forgotten, have shut out of his mind! He who is not prepared to forget much will make but a poor soldier; and it is to be feared that but for the deadening influence of this faculty, the much-desiderated "military spirit" would seriously suffer.

In yet another sphere forgetfulness has the appearance of being especially beneficent in its action, and that is when by dulling the memory of injury it serves to mitigate hate. But evidently the benefit here is specious; for elsewhere the inclination to forget works quite as effectively in counteracting the good it may here have accomplished. By obliterating remembrance of kindness received it aids in fostering ingratitude. So much indeed is this the case that a suspicion is excited whether the good effected may not be more than counterbalanced by the evil. To determine which way the balance inclined was a problem which engaged the dialecticians of ancient Greece. The question was involved in the wider one, which of the two, pleasure or pain, is more potent to influence the heart of man? And it is interesting to note that the suffrage of these old thinkers was given to the decision that pain is more potent than pleasure, that injury

makes a deeper, more lasting impression than kindness. We have thus an independent pagan confirmation of the familiar scriptural saying, "The heart of man is deceitful above all things;" and we further perceive how baneful is the influence of the simple disposition of men to forget in adding to the total of the world's vice and misery.

There is one phase of forgetfulness which is particularly affecting, as when in extreme old age an author turns to peruse the works of his prime, and finds there evidence of a power lost. It was thus with Swift. An anecdote relates of him that once in his later years when sitting reading "The Tale of a Tub," he closed the book hastily, exclaiming: "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that!" We have read also of an aged Frenchman who in similiar circumstances burst into passionate tears, for to him the books had become quite unintelligible. And, indeed, thus must it ever be with purely intellectual labours. For a time will inevitably come when a man must bow before the heart-breaking discovery of failing faculties. At such a time the outlook is indeed a dark one, unless within him powers of a different kind have been born and been grow-

ing, such as may support the demands of another life. Only then can he be justified in declaring triumphantly with Waller, that

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks which Time has made."

While we have thus reviewed and lamented some of the evils inseparably connected with forgetfulness, let us not be driven to the other extreme, to the deification of memory. Let us not suppose that the whole utility of our studies lies in the facts and theories remembered. It is the too general prevalence of this idea which has justified the quaint severity of the criticism: "College mostly makes men like bladders, jest good for nothin' but to hold the stuff as is poured into 'em." Facts, it cannot be denied, are excellent weapons; yet too great accumulation of them only enfeebles —five smooth pebbles and a strip of leather were of more service to David than the elaborately ponderous armour of Saul. Knowledge alone is not power; encyclopædias, the storehouses of facts, do not constitute the "literature of power." Is it on account of a marvellous accuracy in the statement of facts that Dante,

Shakespeare, Goethe, and all genuine poets are reverenced and read? Strange, is it not, that a few lines "On a Mountain Daisy," by a not over-instructed ploughman, should remain the perpetual delight of millions, while year by year the dust gathers and thickens on the learned tomes of Royal Botanical Societies!

We are far from pretending to have been the first to discover the deleterious effects of forgetfulness. It comes too much within the personal experience of every one to have escaped observation. This we find to be the fact from the institutions everywhere and of all kinds, with the one object to counteract it. Was it not Darius, the Persian, who required an attendant to remind him every morning of the vengeance vowed on the Athenians? What were the ancient hieroglyphics, and the vast, unwieldy pyramids but uncouth efforts in the same direction? And have we not in our own day stage-prompters, encyclopædias, memorial monuments, note-books, tombstones, temperance societies, and manifold other contrivances to accomplish the same end? And must we not, in all due reverence, add to these yet another, the pulpit, which once in seven days

raises a voice over the world to remind man of his high possibilities? And, moreover, is it not unfortunately true that he constantly needs this reminder? It is here that the inborn tendency of men to forget works its most disastrous results. Left to himself, there is an "ebb of the soul downwards," a yielding to petty desires and low ambitions, an increasing disinclination and incapacity for nobler activities, and finally, if unchecked, the utter extinction of better impulses, of the last spark of the divine fire to which alone belongs immortality. And what casts over all the darkest hue of tragedy is the transient, recurring gleam of a promise of better things. For "there is not a man that lives," saith the poet very truly, "who hath not known his God-like hours," times when, communing with pure and holy thoughts, he is clothed on with a radiance that for a moment cows ignoble nature, when revelations, flashes of a keener insight, risings to a higher plane, and glimpses of unknown worlds of thought, seem almost to give him privilege of rank among the angels.

These pledges of great possibilities, which it is allotted to every man to receive, should be dear to him as his heart's blood; they are a

bright shield before which the enemies of his manhood recoil, and if he forget not to keep firm hold, the battle of life will be easy, and he will rest at last in the supreme enjoyment of perfect manhood attained.

R. BALMER.

LE BEL CAVALIER.

I.

IN the wide and fragrant garden
Of the Prince, his lord and patron,
Long ago, on one bright morning,
Strolled the troubadour, Vaqueiras.

II.

Heard he, mused in leafy pathway.
(*Suit of velvet, cap and feather*),
Soft, a sound of woman's laughter.
Tinkling through the balmy morning.

III.

Peered he through the fragrant
In a broad and sunny
He espied a flame of
(*Cherry silk and*

v.

She, eyes lit with mimic contest,
Featly swayed a sword of power,
Supple, straight, right foot advancing,
In the postures of a swordsman.

vi.

With both hands the blade she wielded;
From white arms long sleeves droop'd hanging.
Hands and arms and steel together
Flash'd and glanc'd in dazzled sunshine.

vii.

She saw naught in her flush'd proudness
As she hew'd with pass and parry,
Downright blow and sweeping back-stroke
Swift an airy foe in pieces.

viii.

Knight Vaqueiras wander'd onwards,
In his eyes a happy smiling,
Mused apt rhymes and fitting phrases
For a chanzo in her honour.

A. MacMechan.

THE NEW WORLD.

I.

FAIR western world on which no white man gazed
Till o'er the wide mysterious waste of waves
Columbus sailed; and on the shore stood friends
Who gazed upon the barque and little crew
Till all had faded in the golden west,
And darkness settled on the lonely sea.
Then whispered they with voices low and sad,
"Will they return to vine-clad Spain, their home,
Or perish in some far-off clime alone?"
Far o'er the sea the little vessel passed,
Till all grew tired of the moaning waves;
And at the dismal creaking of the masts,
The hollow beating of the sails, they turned
Their longing eyes far o'er the dark blue sea,
And thought of home, and friends, and vine-clad Spain.
In dreams the tender voice of Philomel

Their souls did soothe; and wandered 'neath
the moon,
With love-lit eyes, fair maids, whose silv'ry
laugh
Stole o'er their slumb'ring sense like music
sweet.
At last they said, "There is no land beyond.
Our home is far away. There orange groves
Shed perfume sweet, there roses bloom be-
neath
A smiling sun, and grapes are blushing fair
Upon their emerald vines. We will return
To those we love." Undaunted still thou
stoodst,
Columbus, on the prow, divinely born.
Thy dreams are nobler, grander far than
theirs;
Night's darkest shadows gather over thee
Alone, with weary eye soon to behold
Visions more grand than all thy wildest
dreams.

II.

So God a torch doth wave; thy mighty
heart
Beats high, thy task is done; Aurora fair,
From Love's soft couch in beauty rises up

With Tithon's kisses blushing sweet, and over
The restless sea stole silver smiles. Oh sea,
Laugh on for ever! 'Tis a glorious deed.
O noble man! thy name shall never die.
All Pleasure's paths are far from Glory's gate,
And many at the threshold fall away
And are forgot; the wearer of the wreath
Must watch and wait; most weary is the way
Ere rests the head upon the lap of Fame.
Sweet thought; to live in death. Now myriads,
Columbus, bless thee for this heritage,
Our home, oh tender thought, the happy scene
Of childhood's days; O, holy land where sleep
Our dearest loves, who toiled, and wept, and prayed
For us, they held enshrined within their hearts.
How clings the soul to old familiar spots!
How sad the stranger's lot to roam alone,
Far from his childhood home and native land;

Oh God, we bless Thee for our glorious
home,
More fair than far-famed Tempe's greenest
vale,
Or garden of Hesperides, where dwelt
The maids whose melody was borne on air,
Perfumed with golden fruits and rarest
flowers.
But here no dragon tears the hungry soul,
The fruit is ripe, the flower doth bloom for
all.
Here was a home for the oppressed who fled
Far o'er the lonely sea for Freedom's sake.

III.

O noble sacrifice for truth and right!
Here all may find a home. O struggling
souls,
Who live in poverty, and want, and woe
From shadows dark come forth to light and
hope.
Across the boundless deep we stretch our
hands
To welcome you from the foul pestilence
Unto the land where all is bright and pure.
Here yellow cornfields wave, and millions
dwell

In cities, emulous of happy homes.
Afar the prairies blaze with summer's bloom;
Luxuriantly by noble rivers laved,
Where sail the stately ships with treasure
borne
From the vast inland seas, the matchless
lakes,
Fountains of mighty rivers. Glorious land,
Set in the westering sun for a new dawn
Of hope, to mourning nations sunk in woe.
The earthly paradise long sought in vain,
A Land of Promise for the Olden World.

T. B. P. STEWART.

TRUE WORSHIP.

A SONNET.

BEND down thine head, stoop down to me, my love,
To me, thy loved one, kneeling at thy feet;
Show me, by gracious outward symbol sweet,
That thou, my loved one, though so far above
My utmost thought, art yet within my reach,
Within my love. Alas! thou canst not see
How utterly beyond all thought to me
Thou seem'st. But yet I ask thee thus to teach
Thy loved one, for because my love for thee
Exceeds all thought, thus do I dare to pray
That thou would'st stoop to me, would'st take my part.
That, by this precious sign, I so may be
Emboldened to believe I may some day
Be, through thine aid, made worthy of thine heart.

T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

THE SUMMER BREEZE.

I.

BLOW, summer breeze,
Wild fragrance bearing,
Take with thee every sweetest
thought to her to-night;
Blow softly,
Wake her not,
Her face is wearing
A smile whose presence makes her chamber
seem more bright.

II.

O, summer breeze,
Thy soft caressing,
And gentle whisperings will move her more
than mine;
Go thou, and
With thee take
Heaven's choicest blessing,
And waft it to her on those airy wings of
thine.

III.

Go, summer breeze,
For thy returning,

Fresh with her answer on thy lips, I will abide;
I'll rest till
Morning, and then
Slumber spurning,
My window, at thy coming, I will open wide.

FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

OUR IDEAL.

DID ever on painter's canvas live
The power of his fancy's dream?
Did ever poet's pen achieve
Fruition of his theme?
Did marble ever take the life
That the sculptor's soul conceived?
Or ambition win in passion's strife
What its glowing hopes believed?
Did ever racer's eager feet
Rest as he reached the goal,
Finding the prize achieved was meet
To satisfy the soul?

DANIEL WILSON.

OVERTONES.

IMAGINE a piano of a single string; what charm is there in the sound of that solitary note? The twanging wire, struck, vibrates for a season, but, loud or soft, harsh or clear, it has no power to please—it is only so much noise.

An isolated chord may delight the ear by its harmony; it has a certain intrinsic beauty, but its possibilities are not developed till all the sympathetic tones vibrate in concert with it.

The value of music thus depends on the *overtones* which may be aroused. Without them the sound is bare and void of character, and from them alone it derives the depth of its meaning and its peculiar charm. Similarly constituted is the mind of man. Only in so far as consonant tone is supplied to the impression excited, is it susceptible of beautiful effect. Single impressions, like isolated notes or chords, can produce no sense of pleasure, or only a transitory and valueless one.

True appreciation is more than mere reception. It is the awakening of mental overtones

—the indescribable vibration of unseen chords of the nature.

A great materialist is charged with writing, "I see no use for poetry and religion." It matters not whether he followed his doctrines to their inevitable conclusion, or whether others did it for him. There is surely no place for these ideas in a being capable merely of "receiving impressions which bring with them a certain conjoined sum of previous impressions."

Where the possibility of advancing from the seen to the unseen? "A train of impressions and ideas'!"—by good luck only, not "a train of smells." Such a being is a musical instrument of exactly drum-capacity.

A stirring thought, which has power to make every fibre of the nature tingle, is—a Thwack on the Drum. A plaintive, poetic idea, a thought "too deep for tears," is—a Tap on the Drum.

What place for the glorious harmonies, the tender melodies, the wailing minors of existence, in a Drum?

Hit it hard, touch it softly, the result is Noise.

Poetry, religion, sentiment, are only so much Noise.

Surely there is in man some possibility of other than this drum-music. Are there not some strings out of sight in his nature, and chords far removed from the material scale of the present and the actual?

Immeasurable vibrations respond to a skilful touch; to the notes struck an infinitude of tone and *timbre* is supplied, and chords of sympathy lend concert.

Divers is the music of which the soul is capable—now it responds with the organ's thunderous diapason to a nation's mighty cry for freedom; now sounds the tender tremolo of passion when Love has gently touched the keys—changing like the music of the wind-swept Æolian harp with the season's mood—wailing loud and discordant as the winter wind whistles through the strings, or stirred by the breath of summer, plaintively whispering "the still, sad music of humanity."

"That music of my nature, day and night
With dream and thought and feeling interwound,
And inly answering all the senses round,
With octaves of a mystic depth and height,
Which step out grandly to the infinite
From the dark edges of the sensual ground."

W. H. Blake.

LETHE.

IT is raining to-night, and a constant patter sounds on the window pane. It is not a wild, blustering rain that roars and swirls with the howling of wind in the eaves and creaking of shutters, until it makes one's mind run chaotic with it, but a steady downpour, falling with a ceaseless, monotonous sound that breeds reveries and fantastic dreams filled with figures and scenes that are a moment bright, then float away dim and shadowy.

The fire in the grate burns fitfully, casting phantom forms on the floor and walls that flutter and dance and hurry away to hide in dark corners or in the shadows of the curtains. I put my coffee-pot on the coals, draw my easy chair beside the hearth, and having lighted my pipe, whose rich brownness is the essence of a thousand reveries, I sink into my cushioned seat in a dreamy satisfaction with everything.

I watch my coffee-pot.

What a faithful companion it has been! I well remember its silver brightness when I bought it, but now it is dinted and battered,

and stained with the smoke of innumerable fires. The handle, too, I fear, threatens to come off, and betake itself to the dust heap; the spout, however, keeps ever the same look, saucy as the nose of a veritable *gamin*.

I know not why, but as I look at my coffee-pot, the fire of coals is transformed into one of branches and logs, that crackle and sputter as they burn. I am sitting no longer in my easy chair, but upon a moss-covered log. There is no longer a ceiling above, and the smoke circles up among the boughs of maple trees, and countless leaves, illuminated by the fire, stand out bright against the general darkness. Turning half around, I can see the shadows playing upon the white walls of our tent. Yes! it is our old camp-ground, and thou, coffee-pot, wert with me.

Ah! can it be? Yes, there also, beside the fire, sits she, whose laughter made such sweet music in my life. The tresses, escaped from her *Tam-o'-Shanter*, play over her forehead, and her face is lit up even with the same sweet smiles. I hear her voice singing the old sweet songs!

Alas! 'tis but foolish thought—the lips of her who sang, sing no more; only in fancy,

do I hear those songs, so sweet and subduing. I have heard those songs sung since and fair lips have sung them, but there has something departed from them, I know not what. They are no more the same.

Nature never repeats herself; never again shall I hear them as I used to hear them, in the quiet of those summer nights, with the whisper of the trees and the far-off sound of the whip-poor-will.

Yet, O death! let me not look on thee as cruel and treacherous. Thou dost not come as thou art pictured, with cruel scythe, cutting down those dear to us at the dread command of an inexorable Lord; but rather, timid, shrinking, tearful, kissing them into a new life, to wander amid asphodel flowers, and pluck the white daisies that never fade.

My coffee-pot boils over but I mind it not.

I go to the window and find that the rain has ceased, and that the clouds are gone from the sky.

But the stars seem to shine never so sad and far away.

F. H. Sykes.

FROM HEINE.

"*Du bist wie eine Blume.*"

O LIKE a flower, so sweet
And fair and pure, thou art;
I gaze at thee, and tears
Steal into my full heart,

I cannot choose but lay
My hand on thy soft hair,
And pray that God may keep
Thee pure and sweet and fair.

W. A. SHORTT.

EVENING.

'TIS eventide,—and through the slumbrous air
Float dreamy shapes of half-embodied thoughts
That cloud the view of nature to the sight,
And leave the mind, in musing ecstacy,
Upon the border of a realm beyond,

Where varied visions, of ambition born,
Are lingering, till we bid them come again
And march in proud procession — ancient forms
Of aspirations, cherished in their youth,
But over-frail to reach maturity;—
Old loves that, in the gilded morning of
Their birth, found us all abject, prostrate slaves,
Who still wear tokens of th' enthralling spell;—
Old hates, that kindle into flame again,
Till mem'ry wakes to find the objects dead
And buried deep amongst our old regrets.
'Tis thoughts like these that flit before the mind,
And give a tinge of sadness and of gloom,
That makes the day the harbinger of night,
When Darkness steals with silent tread abroad,
And casts her shadows o'er the sun-lit glades.

J. H. Burnham.

THE BRIDAL HYMN OF CATULLUS.

THE YOUTHS.

HESPER is coming! Arise, O youths
for Hesper in heaven
Feebly at length hath lit the wished-for flame of his torches.
Now it is time to rise, to leave the banquet abundant.
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign to us, Hymen!

THE GIRLS.

Maidens! hear ye the youths? With answering song take your places;
Only too soon his fires have the Star of Evening kindled.
Only too soon! And see the confident front of our rivals,—
Confident not without cause! They will sing a song to the purpose:
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign to us, Hymen!

THE YOUTHS.

Not for an easy prize, O maidens, to us is the struggle.
See how the maidens rise with songs well studied beforehand.
Not in vain are their cares; they will sing what all will remember.
Soon will their song begin, soon we respond, as is fitting.
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign to us, Hymen!

THE GIRLS.

Hesper! is there a star than thee more cruel in heaven?
Who cans't a maiden tear from the fond embrace of her mother.
Who from her mother's arms a clinging maid cans't dissever,
And the chaste maiden yield to the ardent arms of a lover.
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign to us, Hymen!

THE YOUTHS.

Hesper! is there a star than thee more blessed in heaven?

Who by your fires confirmest already plighted espousals,
Those which the pair have pledged, the parents plighted beforehand,
Nor can ratify yet till thy torch be lighted in heaven!
What better boon can the gods than that glad hour have accorded?
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign to us, Hymen!

THE GIRLS.

One of our maiden band, O mates, is taken by Hesper,
Well may the watch awake when Hesper rises! for always
Thieves prowl forth at night, whom thou that bringest the nightfall,
Hesper, in thy pursuits and theirs, alike dost resemble.

THE YOUTHS.

How the unwedded choir with well-feigned grief are complaining,
How if that which they scorn in secret spirit desire they;
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign to us, Hymen!

THE GIRLS.

Even as a flower that grows in a secret place
in a garden,
Hid from the herd as they graze, and never
hurt by the ploughshare,
Soothed by the breeze, made strong by the
sun, and fed by the shower.
Many a youth has desired it oft, and many
a maiden;
But when torn from its stem, deflowered by
the gathering finger,
Never more will the youths desire it now,
nor the maidens;
So a girl in her bloom is dear to her home
and her kindred,
So when the flower is plucked that blossoms
but once in a lifetime,
Never a joy to the youths is she, nor dear to
the maidens,
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign
to us, Hymen!

THE YOUTHS.

Even as a vine that grows in some void
place in the vineyard,
Never can climb on high, nor lift the load
of its clusters,

But as it bends on the earth beneath its burden of branches,
Touches with topmost shoot its root, thus grovelling earthwards,
Yet if that vine twine round some stalwart elm as a husband,
Many the swains that then, and many the steers that shall tend it.

THE GIRLS.

So is a maid when unwooed, in waning years when unwedded;
But when for wedlock ripe she is joined in love to a husband,
Dear is she to her lord, and at home is more of a solace.
Therefore with such a mate, we pray thee maiden, contend not.
Ill were it to contend with him, the choice of your father.
Father or mother's choice, you well may bend to their bidding.
Not your own is your maiden dower, it is part from your parents,
One-third share is your father's, one-third share is your mother's,

One-third only your own; with two against
thee dispute not,
Who to your husband's hands their right,
with the dower have conceded.
Hymen, of marriage the god, be thou benign
to us, Hymen!

C. PELHAM MULVANY.

AN ANCIENT RONDEAU.

"TOO ydle Eyes, I wis, O Emelye,
Mote not yviewe this Booke, and certainely
Sith here, in Greke ywrit,"—"But I wolde faine
List to ye Frescheman rede and eke explayne
Hys wondrous Booke ywrit in Greke," quoth she.

"Certes," I sayd, and then right schollarly
I rede, as fro ye Booke: "*It seemeth me*
No Synne ye heavenly blue of thyn Eyne twaine
To idolyse.

When, Ladye mine, thy starlyk Eyes I see,
I'd faine fall at thy Feet, thy captiv bee
Alway—thilke Wordes ye Authour here hath sayn."
"What sillye Greke!" then quoth she with Disdeigne,
And went; and thus I wasted uttrelye
Two ydle Lyes.

W. J. Healy.

WET GRASS.

LIKE Herr Diogenes Teufelsdrockh or the Roof Philosopher, I have a watch-tower overlooking a great city; from its windows I can see every hour of the day, if I choose to look, the waters of a mighty lake. I have looked so often that I know it as a lover knows the face of his mistress, with its every flitting shadow, change of feature, phase of expression. I never weary.

> "Age cannot change, nor passion stale
> Her infinite variety."

The clouds that hung above thee all yesterday, heavily even and grey, making thee but a dull-coloured ribbon on their skirts, have dropped down to-day and blotted out thy face in a mist of rain. Oftenest thou art a broad wall of deepest blue, rising against the last houses threateningly. All thy changes bring new delight. Once I looked and saw thee seething in a white fire, all thy waves molten and glowing, marble snow moved by a welling life within. The next day thou wert all one

steely glitter, like unto transparent glass; the next, the wall was down, thrown flat, and thou looked the living troubled sea thou art, long lines of white-caps rolling to the low beach and breaking there so plainly in the bright sunlight. I could almost hear their thunderous roar.

I could not stay apart from thee, and so in midwinter I made a pilgrimage to thee across long plains of snow, swept by fierce winds. Nothing but drifted snow underfoot, hard and white, moulded and carved in all manner of curious devices by the sculptor-wind that came driving his long snakes of snow along the glaring levels. Still I could not see thee. I came nearer and nearer till the snow rose in a huge drift before me. Crossing the rounded hillock I beheld thee! crisping dark, green and mysterious above the white snow.

Thalâssa! Thalâssa! as the Grecian vanguard cried when from the summit of the lofty hill their land-wearied eyes first caught the distant flash of their beloved sea. I stood and feasted my eyes on the beauty of thy winter waves, green under the fateful sky, and thy mimic Greenland coast with its icebergs, its glaciers and wave-eaten cliffs.

Then I had to say farewell, and I turned from thee with a promise, a longing and a dream of the days of summer. Then, my Lake, I shall bathe me in thy waters; in stormy afternoons heaving shoreward on the back of some huge billow to the lonely beach of sand; in the stillness of fresh mornings when the spirits of the air, as the old Greeks dreamed, caress the naked body; in breathless noons when all things quiver in the heat, plunging from the granite step of some little island, down, down into the transparent coolness, and leaving the hot day and the fevered earth-life behind.

A. MacMechan.

HAIDÉE.

I TRUSTED that this perfect love of mine
Had won like love from thee; and so my days
Were filled with song of birds and summer-shine,
And roses bloomed for me on all the ways.

But love comes not because we wish it so,
'Tis lawless as the cold, uncertain sea;
Some ships to peaceful shores its breezes blow,
But some are wrecked on reefs of misery.

And though thy love shall never come to me,
I cannot love thee less that thus it is;
Nor charge I thee with my heart-agony,
Constrained to love without a lover's bliss;

For thou has been to me but purely good,
And still art so, with gracious womanhood.

A. STEVENSON.

DREAMING.

SLEEP, oh, sleep, thou maiden fair,
Wrapped in thy golden hair;
On thy lip a sweet smile beams
From the sunlight of thy dreams,
Whilst thy lover, o'er the sea,
Calmly sleeps in thought of thee.
Soon the rude awak'ning day
Scatters all these dreams away,
Till the kindly night once more
Wafts each kiss to either shore.

J. H. BURNHAM.

MIDSUMMER NIGHTS' DREAMS.

FROM the purple cells of the hyacinth bells,
We fly! we fly!
From the stately rose that sways and blows
'Neath a summer sky;
From the tulip's bowl, and the golden pole
That props the tented lily;
From violet-beds,—as their fragrance spreads,
When the summer eve is stilly,
And night seems blent with the dreamy scent
Of roses breathed muskly,
With the rich perfume of the daffodil bloom,
And the larkspur nodding duskly,—
From all the flowers, in their dreamy hours,
When dove-eyed stars are above them,
Showering light thro' the summer night
On the dews that kiss and love them,—
The gracious dews that kiss the hues
On their petals interwreathed,—
From all the flowers we're shed in showers,
The souls from out them breathed.

W. J. HEALY.

JACK'S RIVALS.

I HAVE two fond lovers here, Jack,
Down by the sea.
Whene'er I go out I can see they are
Waiting for me.
Aren't you dying to find out their names,
Jack?
Here they are: S— and B—!
The one you may meet in town, dear,
The other's with me.

One of them kissed me to-day, Jack,
Down on the beach;
He goes into town every day, but he's
Out of your reach!
His kisses brought blushes, I own, Jack,
He ruffled my hair,
But then they were, oh, so sweet, dear,
I didn't care!

As I sat on the rocks by the shore, Jack,
The other one came,
And spoke of his love in more serious words—
'Twas sweet, all the same!
And I felt I could hardly say "No," Jack,
So I didn't speak——

How mad you'd have been had you seen, dear,
Salt tears on my cheek!

I suppose when you read this you'll be, Jack,
As cross as a bear,
And you'll say I can flirt as I please, for
All that you care!
But I'll tell you the names, if you're good, Jack,
Although you're a tease;
My lovers are—you, Jack,—and then, dear,
The Sea, and The Breeze.

FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

BOTTOM.

"*And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,*
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go!"

LONG before the full truth of the poet's meaning dawned upon me, my childish thought had been—How much he missed! How could he have preferred existence as Nick Bottom, the weaver, in the Seven Dials of Athens, to being a dweller in that Elfin Land

"Where the sun never shone,
And the wind never blew. . . . .
A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon or night."

It seemed such a beautiful thing to be raised above the mean cares and the vulgar pains of this earthly life to a total exemption from the thousand ills of our common lot. But far more beautiful were the visions, vague but very sweet, of a promised freedom, a nimbleness in going, a lightness as of fancy itself, and an unembodied nameless purity. All these made his choice hard to understand. But is the reason far to seek! It was the

preference of the ass's head. He thought Titania and Fairyland were a dream forsooth! and went back with a proud consciousness of wisdom, no doubt, to the world of realities—to the horse-play, and the common jest of his fellow-clowns. A dream! This is what he chose instead, to have many stories for his grandchildren of the famous doings on Duke Theseus' wedding-day, and to be soothed to his coffin by the comforting belief that the most tragical comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe was never so well performed as when Nick Bottom played the lover's part. He never knew what he lost; at the moment of choice he could not discern what turned upon his decision. In Fairyland, Bottom puts the very fays to clownish use; that is all he gains by his sojourn there. The pity of it is he is contented it should be so.

Once, and once only, in our life does our Titania offer us the choice—the clearer vision, the purer aims, the truer life. Her promise, too, is sure. With scrupulous exactness she will perform to the letter all that she has said. If we take her at her word she *will* thoroughly cleanse this mortal grossness.

"And teach high faith and honourable words,
And courtliness and the desire of fame,
And love of truth—"

She comes to all. In all lives there are enchanted moon-lit moments, when we stumble out of the society of our fellow-actors rehearsing their pitiful farce—to be rewarded with derisive laughter—into a world of wonder, into the presence of the Fairy Queen. Strayed from the clamour of rough voices and the friction of common ways, we find ourselves suddenly alone with velvet-clad silences and the pure floods of moonlight.

"And here beginneth the new life."

Ill for us if our eyes are so holden that we cannot see the Queen of all the Fairies in her supernal loveliness, slight or misuse her choice gifts, and in our brute calm take for granted that pure idyll of the summer night. Like Bully Bottom we see nothing strange or unusual in it all; like him we would send the nodding serviceable elves on our vulgar errands, Moth for the hay and Cobweb for the red-tipped humble-bee. We make the choice of the ass's head. And it is our irredeemable mischance that we reject in our crass complacency the priceless offers of the Queen, and prefer

to Fairyland the contracted stage and mocking audience; to Titania, Snug the joiner and Snout the tinker.

"For the choice goes by forever."

Forever! Our eyes are not always darkened. We awake sometimes to what we have lost. What was that pitiful comedy we were pleased with once, to what might have been ours? But the one golden time of choice, first youth, is irrevocably past, and there is no cure for remorse and vain regret.

But for the *few*, the clear-eyed souls that choose aright, what of them? They bought the power to discern at the supreme moment by years of struggle with manifold falsity, by hardness well endured; *they* knew there was pure gold in the world and could not stoop to treasure the common gilt that any man might win. And so they find in the fulfilment of the Queen's gracious promise their life, their growth, and their exceeding great reward.

A. MacMechan.

LEAVES FROM A METAPHYSICIAN'S NOTE-BOOK.

IT has always been granted that the metaphysical course as laid down in the University curriculum, and more especially as taught by the able Professor in University College, is one of the very best for developing the mind. Never have I seen it intimated that a possible result could be the disturbance of mental equilibrium. I have lately, however, come into possession of several note-books, some of the contents of which have given rise to grave doubts. For instance, there is a constant reference to some mystical ribbon, which would appear to be conclusive evidence of the serious aberration of the compiler's mind. This ribbon seems to have gradually grown into exclusive possession of his mental faculties till it embraced the entire range of thought. Altogether the thing is so phenomenal, I have deemed it proper to give it briefly to the public. I do this the more freely since the identity of the author is lost beyond hope of discovery, and he can never object to the publication of a few short

extracts, showing the growth of the "fixed idea" which ultimately held such undivided sway over his whole being.

At the back of the book containing notes on psychology there are thirty closely written folio pages—a sort of daily record of thoughts suggested by this ribbon. I quote entirely from them.

"'Tis now two years since first I met it, but I remember it well. A bright October morning, with a sky so clear, and an atmosphere so subtle that the babble of brooks and the carol of birds came floating from meadow and woodland, a harmony of nature. A spirit of gladness pervaded all things, and with all things I was delighted, especially with this thing which I call myself.

"At such an hour and in such a mood I, a self-important sophomore, entered the metaphysical lecture-room to await 'the grand old man' who was to open for us the door to the treasury of thought. He came, in appearance like the wise men of old, and as he uttered something about 'conjunction' and 'synthesis,' and 'apperception'—a magic sentence whose potency I have since learned—the door flew open. But, alas! how dark were the depths

beyond! I tried to pierce the impenetrable blackness and could not. I shuddered lest, perchance, unconscious movement might drive me on. The very darkness seemed to flow out upon me, and I would have turned and fled, had not my eye caught the presence of the ribbon, red at one end and blue at the other. There upon that blank field of vision, clear and bold against the uninviting background, it lay.

"Like the torch that lighted Columbus to a new world, it was an earnest that all was not an empty nothing before me, for in those days of ignorance a seeming something was to be preferred to a seeming nothing. Hence from the first I felt a sympathetic tenderness towards this ribbon, red at one end and blue at the other, and gratitude for the favour done would assuredly have perpetuated the sentiment had the silken cord never presented itself again. But it did present itself again and again, until its *occurrence and persistent recurrence* established the most definite and indissoluble system of relations between my mind and it."

In another place I find a paragraph, evidently written just previous to examination, which displays a vein of humour in our author

as well as his perfect unconsciousness of the fate he is tempting. It is as one sporting in the outer currents of the Maelstrom.

"I have often remarked the almost complete identity of colours in our British flag and the metaphysical ribbon, and felt assured that it was more than accidental. Hitherto I have not succeeded in establishing any clear causal connection, but my attempts were entirely misdirected in that I took it for granted that the *white* must be eliminated from the flag. I now clearly discern its presence in the ribbon—it comes with the *white*-washing, otherwise termed plucking, in May. Then, hurrah! for 'the red, white, and blue.'"

Yet the gradual development of the idea was not unnoticed by him, though it appears never to have suggested the question of its limit. Accordingly, instead of making an effort to throw it off, he seeks to justify his submission. While we admire the candour of his investigating genius, and the frankness with which he accepts the inevitable, we can but commiserate the delusion his logic induces.

"The hobby horse," he writes, "on which my metaphysical lore in its infancy was wont to sport has become my 'old man of the sea.'

It is with me daily, hourly; I find it in every research; it is present in every thought; even external objects, if they are not all ribbons to me, are at least *red at one end and blue at the other.*

"I ask myself in what does its virtues consist? I analyze it, tracing it through its process of manufacture into the earth whence it came. I submit it to the physicist, and he talks learnedly of complementary colours. But the answer is no nearer than before.

"I see ribbons everywhere. They bind the maiden's hair, lay softly on her bosom, or encircle her slender waist. Each man and boy wears one upon his hat, and the fine lady ties one about the neck of her poodle. The shop window is hung with them till it looks like an exploded rainbow."

Then, proceeding on a direct line of inductive reasoning, he reaches the conclusion, which he puts interrogatively: "Can it be, then, that the virtue lies in the particular conjunction of spatial relations qualitatively determined, by which I apprehend the red as here and the blue as there, and these embraced within the unity of my consciousness give me the perception of a ribbon red at one end and

blue at the other? I believe it is! Ah! now there is light dawning. Now I begin to perceive that *the first requisite to the production of a cognition is* SYNTHESIS."

Having thus, after great effort, arrived at a conclusion apparently satisfactory, he proceeds to show why a ribbon of any other colours than red and blue could never have performed the same high functions. The examination is too exhaustive to reward perusal, and we will only remark of it that it is so minutely critical as to render it very doubtful whether a mere reversion of colours, viz., *blue* at the one end and *red* at the other, would be nearly so effective.

He is now become hopelessly absorbed, and is slowly but surely settling into the state of half melancholy abstraction characteristic of minds possessed by a single idea.

"Yes, 'tis but a ribbon finite, limited, perishable. Yet even now as in a vision I see it stretch away till it embraces a universe, I see it expand and in its folds lie countless happy memories. Let the vulgar be-ribbon themselves as they may with furbelow, tie, and crimp; it is the silken cord that binds to me the world without. It rescued me from the otherwise inextricable maze of *isolated discon-*

nected, incoherent, unrelated units of the series in which I, in common with humanity at large, was hopelessly lost.

"Trees and windows, lamp and tables, keys, watches, round red discs, have all been brought forth in their season, but these would have been marshalled in vain had it not been for our confidence in the reserve force which lay close at hand in the ribbon, red at one end and blue at the other."

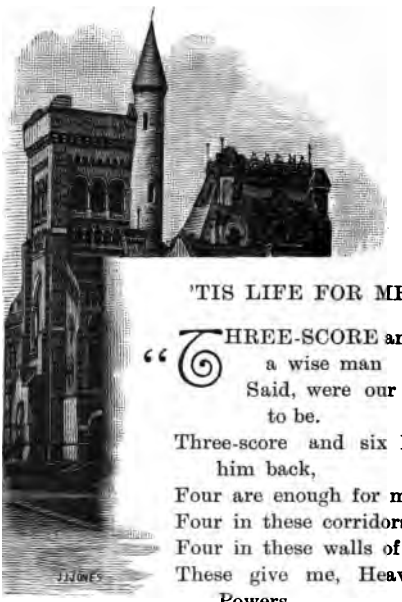
But I have already quoted beyond my intention. On the last page there is a touching apostrophe, which is all the more interesting that it gives a slight indication of a returning sense of individuality probably aroused by "the trump and drum and roaring culverin" of Commencement and the magic transformation wrought by the Chancellor's "Et tu."

"Adieu, old friend. Whither I go it is contamination for thee to follow. We must part: I to mingle amidst the indiscriminate shades and colours of the world, thou unto the tender mercies of a new generation. May they learn early that their course must inevitably be red at one end and blue at the other. Yet never will I forget thee, thou clear expositor of the external; simple illustrator of the manifold.

Thou hast each day since first we met illumined my course upon the ocean of undiscoverable truth. Love for these dear old halls, deepest reverence for the Professor whom all delight to honour, and loyalty undaunted for my Alma Mater, do I carry away bound up with memories of thee. Wheresoever my path may lead, whatever may be each day the line of action or of thought, while I pause at one end be thou at the other to remind me of the glorious truth that 'primitive conjunction is the foundation of the identity of the apperception itself which antecedes *a priori* all determinate thought.' "

Whether he succeeded in cutting himself free from the ribbon then or at any subsequent period cannot be ascertained.

H. E. IRWIN.



'TIS LIFE FOR ME.

"THREE-SCORE and ten,
a wise man
Said, were our years
to be.
Three-score and six I give
him back,
Four are enough for me.
Four in these corridors,
Four in these walls of ours,
These give me, Heavenly
Powers,
'Tis life for me!"

ALADDIN.

THOU standest reflectively upon thy one long leg and round, flat foot, like a meditative crane, my Lamp.

On my study table, in the midst of scattered and heaped sheets of MS., open books and their gnarled dark thoughts, thou standest and sheddest thy benignant light, illuming what is dark.

Thy luminous head lightest my page. Thy soft steady rays make thee a grateful and refreshing Presence.

Indeed a Friend.

I raise my eyes from these dreary books and contemplate thy shining familiar face. Companion! Friend!

Let others praise Nature, her delights and the wonders of her design. *Thou* art both Poetry and Nature and Science to me. I look into the manifest relationship and the subtle harmony of thy parts, and praise the cunning hands that made thee.

Thou art a Teacher as well—of Systematic Theology. I see design in the wise little recep-

tacle for the absorption of superfluous oil, and the quaint device by which thy columnar wick is fed.

Midway thy shade of Porcelain and the parallel brightness of thy cylindrical reservoir, midway also between thy Top and thy Bottom, is a globe of metal.

There my eyes rest.

It glistens blackly like the drop of ink in the palm of an Egyptian diviner.

It becomes clearer! It is opaque no longer; it is growing luminous, expanding more and more—it is the mystical crystal of the astrologer, whereby the Dark Future is foretold.

And I see—

A little dreary Studiostube walled, ceiling high, with brown dusty books, an arm-chair by a table, littered with papers and books, upon which *Thou*, the kindly genius of Bachelor's Hall, radiates light, the one bright spot in all the Desolation.

There is a figure in the chair; those old features certainly resemble mine—

It is—myself.

But stop—

Did I say books in a narrow study?

I was mistaken—

It is a wide, cheerful room, bright coloured paper on the walls, pictures,—*thou* art still the centre, casting thy light on all—

Was I *alone* there? Why, there are children, cherub-cheeked and joyous—revolving satellites of a little round matronly figure, ever busied in matronly ways, their sun. Thy light falls upon the happy group—she turns her face, and I see—

But what nonsense this is! How absurd to talk to a Lamp as if it could understand!

A. MacMechan.

SULTANA.

HIS Serenity, the Sultan,
When he would remove a pasha,
Sends a bowstring and a letter,
By a slave, to end the edict.

While the pasha reverent kisses,
He divines, unread, the letter;
Kneels and tenders to the strangler
His bared throat, and murmurs "Kismet."

Mistress mine hath sent a letter,
Letter, mute, and strangling bowstring
All in one. And shall I struggle?
Hope is over; life is ended.

But the One Faith still remaineth,
I am still a true believer;
What can I but kiss the firman,
Kiss it, kiss it, though it strangle.

A. MacMechan.

LIVINGSTONE RIVER.

OH, dreamy, silent river, deep and strong!
Oh, river rich in life, and gleaming light!
Along thy sloping shores and watching hills,
No legendary past, in glory rich,
Has left its many-towered battlements
To moulder, crumble, and too soon decay;
To weave around each falling turret's base
The thrilling tales of mythic warrior days.
Thy richly rounded hills, in endless throng,
Glance back no faint, far distant shock of arms,
That, sounding still, rolls on from year to year,
No sabre stroke on heavy-plated mail
The peaceful flow of thy dark flood disturbs.
No thunder peal of war's artillery
Along the winding passages of time
Reverberating still, doth wildly start
The wary fowl upon thy breast asleep.
A mist impenetrable hides thy past,
A brooding silence stills historic tones;

We see no visions of the days gone by;
To us no wrecks float down the stream of time;
No weird and mellow tones float on the wind;
And so we say thou hast no memories.
Ah, well! we know not; it is dark to us,
For we are but the children of to-day,
Our knowledge reaches only back to morn.
Perchance to thee are known the great events
Of histories full of wondrous deeds. Perchance
As much good blood hath mingled with thy stream
As ever tinged the waves of fabled flood
In mythic song. Perchance, could we but catch
The rythmic undertones of thy deep roll,
We might then hear a fragmentary thrill
Of songs, whose grandly swelling tones, whose sweet
Wild music, grander, sweeter is than all
The songs thy European fellows know.
Perchance by thee have wandered, deep in thought,
As mighty men, and minds as great, as e'er
By Roman Tiber, German Rhine, or e'en
By English Avon,

But now a tropic calm,
A tropic haze, hangs over thee,
Each trembling murmur into speedy rest.
With fitful sob the sighing winds sink down
To sleep, and twilight shade in softness falls,
And weaves a subtle tint with filmy light
That gleams like strainéd mist athwart the leaves.
Along thy marge the tall and slender reeds
In accents hushed, and nodding, half asleep,
Their strange, weird tales upon thy waters pour.
The lofty trees bend over thee, and droop
Their pendant branches, swaying softly down
To kiss thy smiling face; and trailing vines,
In clusters rich, creep down to sip thy breath.
Along thy reedy shores no sound of bells,
No rich, full majesty of organ tones,
No human voices, chanting praise divine
On holy days, in dreamy accents float;
But in the reeds thy rippling waters break,
And through the trees the winds do softly sigh,
And touch in every leaf a chord of song,
And myriad hymns of praise, and wild delight,

Through all the long bright tropic day,
From feathered songsters rise to pierce the skies,
And float through azure domes with star-dust strewn,
Until they reach the very throne of God.
Oh, silent river, lying still and lone,
Thou hast unnumbered visions all day long,
Of gleaming golden sun, and fleeting cloud,
Of distant mountains—overhanging trees,
Of birds, that sweeping down a moment, seek
To peer within the hidden depths beneath,
And then on fleet and flashing wing, are gone.
At night thou art a richly jewelled sky.
Where southern stars in trembling downward sink.
And dost thou, silent river, nowhere keep
A record of the beauty thou hast seen?
Hast thou no secret chambers filled with song,
Where vanished melodies are lingering yet?
No hidden corridors with canvas hung,
Whereon the faded scenes still brightly glow?
Eternal monument of lofty fame!
A fame that fades not with the fleeting years;

But, like thy waters, full, and pure, and deep,
Grows ever richer as it onward flows.
A fitting semblance of a noble life,
That calmly still flowed on 'neath darkening skies,
Through desert drear, and gloomy forest wilds,
With rarely, here and there, a sunlit vale
Enchanted deep in song, and odours sweet.
A life that left its blessing all along,
On every shore and people that it passed;
And flowing on, still deeper, broader grew,
Until its gleaming waters reached at last
The boundless sea of immortality.

J. M. Lydgate.

AN ANCIENT UNIVERSITY.

Introductory Note.

WE are glad to be privileged to announce to the world a discovery. Among the Canadian boatmen on the Nile is one who was formerly a responsible functionary of University College; we believe, indeed, that he was under-porter of the Residence. This gentleman—to quote from a letter with which he has honoured us—"conceived in the discharge of my official duties such an enthusiasm for classical literature, that on reaching Egypt—the scholar's El Dorado—I determined to prosecute a course of independent research, such as is prescribed for the new fellows of University College. While exploring the ruins of a temple of the goddess Neith in the city of Sais, I had the good fortune to discover in the stomach of an embalmed cat several well-preserved rolls of Egyptian papyrus. These on perusal turn out to be a fragment of the tenth book of Herodotus, describing a visit of the historian

to the island of Atlantis. I should have liked to publish my discovery in the original language, but as I am anxious to bring it within the range of the resident students of my *alma mater*, I append a translation, and hold over the original for the present. I have only to add that I have shown the papyrus to a classical B.A. of Toronto University, who has kindly written a preface and appended short critical and historical notes. He has promised me also an excursus on Atlantis. A dissertation after the manner of Valckenar on the embalmed cat will be presented shortly to the Senate as his thesis for the degree of A.M. Finally, he has pointed out a few errors in my translation, arising from my imperfect acquaintance with Hellenic idiom."

PREFACE.

It is one of the vexed questions of classical antiquity, where was the island of Atlantis. One school of critics has pronounced in favour of America. Space forbids the discussion of that problem here; suffice it to say, that the manuscript here translated affords strong internal evidence of the correctness of that hypothesis.

POST-SCRIPTUM.

The discovery of this MS. at Sais is not really surprising; rather it is surprising that it has been so long delayed. We know that Herodotus visited Sais (bk. ii., chap. 28); we know (chap. 175) that he visited the temple of Athena—that is, Neith (vide Larcher's note on chap. 59); we know that he talked to its bursar (ii., 28). What more is wanted to prove the genuineness of the newly-discovered MS. is amply supplied by the naive simplicity, by the truly Herodotean spirit of the document itself. With respect to the depositary of this precious heirloom, the cat, we must remember that the Egyptian entertained for this animal a religious veneration. What more likely, then, than that the bursar of Sais on some supreme crisis offered this manuscript—his most priceless treasure—to appease the displeasure or, it may be, the hunger of a feline god? Or perhaps the cat helped herself. Religious awe would protect her from interference during the meal and afterwards, and finally from a post-mortem. On such accidents does the history of literature hinge! Compare Sir Isaac Newton and his dog. The only conjecture involved in this theory—viz., that the

bursar had a cat or that his premises were on one occasion at least temporarily visited by a cat, is surely permissible; nay plausible: I had almost said certain. Without further explanation I beg to lay before the universe the translation—too literal, but correct in the main—of this choice monument of Hellenic civilization. B. A.

Chapter 1.

The declaration made by Herodotus of Halicarnassus as follows: Having travelled in many lands and having heard and reported many and other marvellous stories, not the least marvellous appeared to him to be the story of the bursar of Sais about the river Nile, how it rises from between Mount Crophy and Mount Mophy. To this bursar, therefore, he delivers the most marvellous of his own stories, that about Atlantis, both as to one more learned than himself in relating divine marvels, and especially (to see) if by any chance I could so borrow from the bursar five obols to purchase a bottle of Egyptian barley-beer, for I chanced to thirst, it is heavenly how much (1).

. . . . . .

[There is a lacuna here in the MS., several chapters having been too thoroughly digested by the cat.]

Chapter 34.

And among other institutions in Atlantis I visited the Lyceum where the young men attend upon the instructions of the there sophists. Now, these youths differ in this respect from the youths of the Britanni, of whom Atlantis is a colony. For among the Britanni the young men who study wisdom call themselves "men," as being then men more than at any other time; but here, "boys," as being then boys more than at any other time. As indeed was clear to me at least being so; and here is a sign; for they applaud their sophists with great clamour and uproar of their feet and mouths, so that I seemed to myself to have escaped my own notice being again in the Athenian law-courts. Moreover, in this respect also their customs are different to those of the rest of the world, for in Hellas at least we praise those indeed who arrive early to their work, but those who are late we chastise. But in Atlantis the hearers applaud those of their fellow-learners who

come too late to hear all the wisdom of the sophist from time to time (ὁ ἀεὶ σοφιζόμενος).

CHAPTER 35.

And they differ also in this. For whilst the many count that man most honourable who has the fairest clothes, these youths honour him most whose ephebic (2) himation is most torn. Again, in other lands they wear a cap suitable to this gown, but here not; but rather any covering of the head as chance leads them, so as to seem more like anything rather than men; much less learners of wisdom. And looking at their ragged himatia I seemed to myself to be witnessing a tragedy of Euripides (3), and I wept.

CHAPTER 36.

They are divided into two factions, of which one faction resides around the Lyceum itself, and is called "residers." About whom it is reported in two ways; for some, indeed, say that this faction worships Bacchus, but others that it offers sacrifice to no god at all; to me, indeed, saying what is not credible. But the second faction dwells at a distance of about two stadia, in a large heroum, of which

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the hero eponymous is a sophist of those of old, and he has long been dead. And "the residers" say that he was an austere sort of man (σκυθρωπός τις), and that he talked to a queen of the Keltæ about virtue till she got ahead of him by falling to sleep (ἔφθασε καταδαρθοῦσα). I am not obliged to believe what I am told, but I am obliged to report it.

Chapter 37.

And of the residers many other marvels are reported, and especially this first, that every year in the winter, before they have passed the ἀπόδειξις (examination), which the sophists exact, a divine plague is wont to seize some of them, so that they return suddenly to their own cities and kinsmen, unwilling to them unwilling (4) (ἄκοντες οὐχ ἑκοῦσιν). But having returned, the wrath of the god or goddess is straightway appeased, and they become stronger than themselves (5), and feast upon many banquets. Next, that in the spring there is a sacred day on which it is their custom to breakfast on the eggs of hens, for a reason which it is not holy for me to mention; and that once upon a time two of the learners ate twenty

eggs apiece, so to speak (6). I know their names, but willingly forget them (7).

Chapter 38.

And their food is chiefly the flesh of bullocks; but after this they have a second course which used always to be served with the same sauce; whereas in Hellas we have different sauces—to me indeed pleasing—and for supper they used to have on every fourth day of the seven milk-cheese; and for this I guess there was a holy reason, for the fourth day is sacred to their god Woden, who is, to conjecture, the god of cheese; and seeing this I praise the piety of the learners; but so do not the learners themselves; but I was distressed to hear the cheese how they spoke evil of it. But so it is always with youth, and especially now when old customs are being ridiculed everywhere, as with us also in the case of that Alcibiades and the mysteries. For virtue has become old-fashioned, as Thucydides also says in very clear language (8), as also he is wont.

Chapter 39.

I saw also their amusements how they kicked a ball, and once as it was said, they

contended with the youths of the city called Μιχιγαν, where the people rule; and they were defeated; which is to me a sign that democracy is better than monarchy. For if they had been contending for themselves and not for their Queen, I conjecture they would have been victorious; as I have already said in my account of the rise of Athens. And indeed some of them voted with me, for they talked with very many words of democracy and freedom; but some of their words I have forgotten, and others I could not understand.

Chapter 40.

There is also in the Lyceum a society called the Club of the lovers of literature and the science of nature. And they are divided into parties and elect officers, and are excited and bribe and drink grape-vine and barley-wine (9), as do the politicians in Athens; so that indeed some of these lovers of literature are said to have been overcome by wine, as not being like Socrates (10). And for what they contended I was unable to learn; but I conjecture it was something very great; for it is not likely that lovers of literature and the science of nature should get drunk for nothing; not

but what there are some who say that this Society is so named out of sport.

Chapter 41.

And whilst I was there, there arose quite a discussion about maidens, whether they should hear the sophists together with the youths or not. And the sophists said no; but the youths yes. For my part I praise the youths in that they are zealous to win the good-will of the maidens; for Callias also in Athens, whom I have praised in my other books, thought that maidens ought to be permitted to choose their own husbands. But I laugh hearing certain persons say that what they desired was the higher education of women. For in Athens we have hardly any educated women; far from it. But in saying this may the forgiveness of Aspasia be with me.

Chapter 42.

And of the sophists one is bursar and dean (σωφρονιστής) and priest of the residers, and is present twice a day at an appointed time in the ξυσιτιον for a holy reason. Whether there is also a holy reason why some of the other learners and sophists are not always present, I

am not able to say. For some say that they are too late and are absent unwillingly; whichever seems to anyone the true account let him take that, according to the Attic proverb (11) δραχμῆν δαπανᾷς αἱρεσιν ποιεῖς. Whether the sophists are very learned I am not able to say; but I conjecture some of them at least are; for they are bald, as is Socrates and the Scythian priests, who are the most wise of men as I have said before (12). I conjecture, therefore, that baldness is a peculiar property or inseparable accident (ἴδιόν τι εστι ἢ και ἀχώριστον συμβέβηκε) of learning. I am bald.

Chapter 43.

And there is one sophist who is very wise and cuts up fish; but having cut them up he does not eat them at once, as other men do, but puts them in oil: and I conjecture these are sardines or anchovies (13). But if anyone has any other opinion let him declare it.

Chapter 44.

And there was once a goat grazing at large around the Lyceum as I was told. And of this many reasons were given: some saying—saying nothing (14) – that the artizan of the

furnaces lived on the milk of goats; others in order that by its bleating it might divert the cares of those in office round the library (15); others in order that it might teach the original forms of language to those learners who were earnest about archaic Keltic and Cynesian (Spanish) and other portentous things. For that the goat, as King Psammetichus also thought, can communicate archaic languages, as I have related before in my Egyptian history. This then they assert and add thereto an oath, but they do not persuade me But I conjecture that the real cause is this, that the goat is sacred to Dionysus the wise-god, and was kept against the time of the celebration of the mysteries of the residers: concerning which there are many holy stories, which it is not lawful for me to mention. For Æschylus was arrested by the eleven for revealing mysteries.

Chapter 45.

And there was a contest between the sophists and the learners who should preside at the ἀπόδειξις. And the sophists boasted that they themselves would; but the learners no, but some others; whomsoever they, as I conjec-

ture, would choose; with respect to which I neither myself say that the learners were wrong, nor if anyone else says it do I tolerate it (16). For I myself would gladly choose before whom to pass ἐνθυναι; περιδοῖο ἂν ὦ ξένε (17). Not but what there were some learners who said that the reason they desired this was in order that they might be manifest, having "wide reading and emancipated intellects," as it is called in their language. But what is an "emancipated intellect" I was unable to learn from any one having seen it, nor can I conjecture, except that it is likely to be a divine thing in intellects (18).

Critical and Historical Notes.

(1). Our translator is too literal: δυράνιον ὄσον means "awfully;" compare the modern idiom "tarnally."

(2). ἔφηβος corresponds somewhat to our "undergraduate," vide Capes' "University Life in Athens," chap. 1.

(3). Euripides, "the most tragic of poets," was accustomed to introduce beggars and rags on the stage, vide Aristophanes' "Acharnians," 410-470.

(4). This idiom defies idiomatic translation.

(5). Too literal: "stronger than ever," we say; the Greek said "stronger than," or "strongest of" themselves.

(6). ὡς ἐιπειν is mistranslated here; it means "in round numbers."

(7). Compare bk. iv., 43; bk. ii., 123. Vide Catlin's "North American Indians" for similar stories of primitive voracity; vide also Speke's book on the savages of Central Africa.

(8). This must refer to Thucydides iii., 82-84; but the language there is the reverse of clear. Is our author ironical? or had he a different text of those famous chapters?

(9). *I.e.* beer, vide note 4.

(10). Vide Plato-Symposium, 220 B.

(11). We believe the origin of our proverb, "You pay your money, etc.," is here for the first time revealed. This is a rich discovery for philologists.

(12). Bk. iv., 23.

(13). Vide Aristophanes' "Acharnians," 639-640.

(14). οὐδὲν λέγοντες should rather be translated "talking nonsense."

(15). ἵνα πσροχετευη τὰς μερίμνας τὰς τῶν πὲρι τὴν βιβλιοθήκην ἐν τέλέι ὄντων.

(16). This is an expression used elsewhere in our author, though we cannot point out the passage. In the present connection it illustrates his genial spirit.

(17). This curious idiom has completely baffled our translator; the literal translation is, "You may guarantee that, O stranger."

(18). *θεσπέσιον χρῆμα νοῦ*: compare bk. i., 36, *μεγὰ χρῆμα συός*, "a great beast of a pig," and our own commercial idiom "a sweet thing in ties," "a new thing in trousers."

MAURICE HUTTON.

NAMA-WAY-QUA-DONK—THE BAY OF STURGEONS.

COLD in the autumn night—
Sleeping with its waters bright,
Silvered by the moon's pale light,
Stretching to the northward white—
Rests the Bay of Sturgeons.

Huddled round it, sleeping soft,
Looming their great forms aloft
In the moonlight;
Bearded grey, the great rocks stand,
Silent, hushed on either hand,
As if some dusky warrior band,
To-night, hushed from the spirit land,
Came back once more.

Gliding here on either shore,
Lingering near the haunts of yore,
But to hear the waves once more
As in nights long, long before,
Whisper "Medwayosh."

Towering stern each blanket round
Have the silent ages wound,

As they watched above each mound
O'er the grave or battle ground,
Where each warrior sleeps.

Year by year their watch they keep
Above the dead, who softly sleep
Beneath their forest-battled steep,
Where far below the waters weep,
And whisper "Medwayosh."

Once by these shores these warriors played,
Here maiden and bronzed lover strayed,
And parting, still they coyly stayed
To plight their troth.

And oft when summer moons were young,
When swaying branches murmuring hung,
Whispered their loves in unknown tongue.

Oft in the autumn harvest feast
Through purple mists from out the east,
They watched old Gheezis golden-fleeced,
Rise o'er the forest.

Here many a warrior sleeps below,
His place of rest full well they know,
Marked where the midday's glorious glow
Turns to the west.

The restless world of men may burn,
But in these dreamy walls of fern,
Swathed in deep rest, they never turn.

Through the dim ages soft they sleep,
Wrapt in calm slumber, long and deep,
While Lethean dews their eyelids steep.

O, sunsets old, long wandered down;
O, ancient Indian shore and town,
Time's strange dark roll hath wrapt around
Thy dreamless sleep.

O saddest picture of a race—
A wild and passionate broken race—
That melting nightward leaves no trace,
No camp fire on the sweet, loved face
Of their own land;

As shades that wander to their rest,
Towards those dim regions of the west
And setting sun.

No wonder that in sternest close,
The last wild war-cry weirdly rose,
To break the settler's short repose
In midnight hour.

Sleep, sleep by dreamy bank and stream;
Sleep through the dim years' afternoon;
Let no strange babblers break thy dream,
No softer, weaker voices wean
Thee from thy rest.

Sleep, sleep, by dreamy shore and glen;
Sleep on through murk, and mist, and moon,
Through the mad years of modern men,
While only dreams of cave and fen
Fill each wild breast.

But stand these watchers ever there
Through human joy and human care;
And as the ages onward wear,
The soft waves still their burden bear,
And whisper "Medwayosh."

W. W. CAMPBELL.

An arm of the Georgian Bay, surrounded by lofty cliffs crowned by forests, once the haunt of a tribe of Indians called Petons, or "Tobacco Indians."

In the course of time the wave of nations northward engulfed them, and nothing now is left of them save a few relics; even their memory is almost extinct. On the shores of this bay it is supposed the last battle was fought, after which only a remnant survived, soon to be come scattered and lost in the neighbouring tribes.

"Medwayosh" is a word of Ojibway origin, resembling the sound of the waves beating or washing on the shore.

ARCADY.

IN a vale in Arcady—
When the centuries were young,
When the long years lingering hung,
Loth to pass from Arcady.

(Now, alas! the years are fleeter,
Loth to stay and quick to pass,
Men and times so changed, alas!
Even changed in Arcady)—

Sweet the shepherdesses wandered
All along those holy aisles;
To gods and heroes holy, whiles
The years were young in Arcady.

And the tall Greeks there to woo them,
Came with songs and tales of love—
Songs and love in every grove—
(All now is changed in Arcady).

Oh, Arcady! sweet Arcady!
That used to stay the fleeting years,
That loved all joys and knew not tears—
Where art thou now, sweet Arcady?

Through the halls and flowery sideways—
While the music rose and fell,
Sweet to see and sweet to tell,
(Were they come from Arcady?)

Greeks and shepherdesses wandered
Looking, whispering love, as lo!
Once, a thousand years ago,
Once they did in Arcady!

Ah! my Arcady returnéd
Love 'twas made thee what thou wast!
And the human forms that past
With the years from Arcady.

This night I have lived to wander
With thy dwellers, O, most fair!
What Time brings me—do I care?
I have lived in Arcady!

H. St. Q. Cayley.

MACINTOSHES.

I WONDER if the man who first propounded the theory that the origin of all dress was adornment, had ever been brought face to face with a lady in a macintosh! I fear not. Compared to such a garment, the costume of Bolivar's Cavalry, described by Herr Teufelsdrockh—a square blanket, twelve feet in diagonal, with, in the centre, a slit—would be absolutely delicious. But perhaps, my more stalwart reader, you have never considered the garment to which I refer; or perhaps, and with more likelihood, it has been brought to your notice only on a wearer whose graceful figure you so knew by heart that the lustreless, external covering was by you completely ignored, and the eye of memory was so satisfied, that the eye of sense was willingly temporarily blind. If so, happy are you. For a moment, however, rid yourself of these sweet impressions; consider the article—the waterproof, or by what other title you may know it—*per se*, in the absolute: this dull, black thing; huge at its base, tapering

foldless to the apex, reflecting no colour, betokening no personal trait, utterly devoid of individuality, isomorphous, homogeneous, hideous; consider thus such a garment, then, mentally, place yourself in the great Parthenon, in the time of its perfection, and imagine the chrys-elephantine image of the majestic goddess arrayed in—a waterproof. Athena forgive me the thought! This is a statue, you say, of course it is incongruous. Nay then, fancy Penthesilea and her Amazons uniformed in such rain-warding-off equipment, or Atlanta disrobing herself for her race of such gutta-perchaed raiment.

But, truly, it does sin against all right principles of art, this attire. Egyptian architecture, I know, will perhaps give it a semblance of support, but it is illusory. The Propyla with their broad foundations; the Sphynxes on their massive seats; and, above all, the Pyramids seem to countenance a divergence from the tall, graceful Greek style. But here, what is aimed at is sublimity, by inducing the thought of endurance through massiveness. It is the same as the Pagodas of Burmah, the Kyoungs of China, the Gopuras of India. But then, besides the fact

that a woman's costume is intended, amongst other things chiefly, to reveal and enhance a "tender grace"—the very antithesis of massive force—and these buildings only attempt to pourtray the power and lastingness of their tutelary deities; every one of the structures I have mentioned is richly decorated: the Propyla with magnificent frescoes; the Kyoungs with carvings and sculpture; the Pagodas sometimes actually gilded from the foundation to the graceful Tee; and all ornamented with statues and bright tints. So that we may, I think, dismiss any idea of an analogy favouring this unadorned, waistless conoid cloak.

Would ornamentation, then, counteract its ungainly contours? Hardly. Northern nations, unaccustomed to the brilliancy of a tropical sun, cannot rise to that pitch of gay colouring which would be necessary to redeem so unsightly a costume. And ingenious decoration indeed it would have to be, to please, on a dull and mud-bespattering day, the ruffled temper of a hasty passer-by.

Have I maligned too much so necessary an article of dress? It has some merits, I do not deny. Fair cheeks, glowing from the rainy gusts, never, perhaps, look brighter than with

this so sombre a background. Daintiest boots might escape observation but for some uncomely robe. And then, ah! even you, stalwart reader, discerning by memory, hidden beauties, will hail with pleasure the time, when, the sun reappearing, you assist in removing the doleful investment, and will even with delight carry on your arm the hated thing!

T. Arnold Haultain.

A SWEDISH STUDENT LEGEND.

NEAR the altar, in death, a young student lay sleeping,
And the incense of flowers rose faint on the air,
As the gloaming of evening came silently creeping,
And enswathed in its shadows the dead, lying there.

Ah! ineffably sweet was the lip of that sleeper,
Though unknown to us all but one short year ago,
How we lov'd him—dear exile from shores where the reaper
Blends his song with the echoes from San Angelo.

In the chancel we laid him, our custom in Sweden,
And bedecked him with flow'rs, more exquisite far
Than the roses which bloom in that garden of Eden,
From whose thousand-fold fragrance springs India's attar.

In the bowl and the wine-cup we pledged our deep sorrow,
As we gathered at night in Carl Weisselgren's room,
And we lovingly spake of the one, whom the morrow
Would behold as he passed from the church to the tomb.

But the saddest of all was a pale-featured student,
On whose shoulders, in curls, fell the long flaxen hair;
Aye impulsive was Lundfren and ofttimes, imprudent,
Yet the soul of affection and honour dwelt there.

As in accents all broken by passionate weeping,
Whilst the pathos of sorrow bedew'd his young face,
"Oh, Da Conti," he murmured, "I would I were sleeping
In the Valley of Shadows, in thine honoured place.

In the solemn death-watch, of the love that I bear thee,

Ah! how earnest, indeed, was my heart-stricken prayer,
I entreated of Heaven, in mercy, to spare thee,
E'en though I, even I, should be sacrificed there."

"'Ach in Himmel,' he cries like a weak-minded maiden,"
Spake the harsh voice of one, as he entered the room,
"Not a heart ever beat, sirs, howe'er friendship laden,
Would surrender one throb for the sepulchre's gloom."

With a frown each one turned to confront the intruder,
Fellow student, was he, yet not one of our band,
'Twas Von Bartel, a German, in bearing far ruder
Than the boar of the woods in his own native land.

"Is there one of you all, through this sighing and moaning,
Who, to prove that affection is stronger than dread,

Ere the echoes of midnight have ceased their intoning,
Dare imprint but one kiss on the lips of the dead?"

"Is there one? Aye, there's Lundfren, thou cynical scoffer,
On his forehead would mantle the hot blush of shame,
Was there one, save thyself, but would willingly proffer
The oblation of self, in affection's sweet name.

"When the dark dews of midnight are softly descending,
Ere the blush of the Orient each mountain crest tips,
By the corpse of Da Conti my form will be bending
As I kiss the cold features of death, with my lips."

. . . . . .

Hark, the midnight booms out. On the face of him sleeping
At the Altar of Death, is a dim halo shed
By the candle that stands, like a sentinel, keeping

Watch and ward, through the night, by the side of the dead.

In the shadowy aisles, 'neath the carved stones are sleeping
The Lion of the North, and his Queen, Elenore,
And (sad emblems of Sweden's long vigil of weeping)
The heroes who bled in the Thirty Years' War.

From the gloom of the nave glides a figure, advancing,
With the chill wave of fear on his brow, and his heart;
God! how keenly that start, and his timorous glancing,
Mark the soul that is pierced by pale horror's fell dart.

All alone near the dead, and with footsteps that falter,
Whilst the gloom of the shadows their grim terrors lend,
By an effort he reaches the foot of the altar,
And there gazes on him that in life was his friend.

With a gasp of repugnance, he draws near, and stooping,
Leaves a kiss on the lips and the cold ashen cheek,
As a power from behind grasps his mantle, and drooping,
Riddarholmen* re-echoes his blood-curdling shriek.

For a moment he writhes in the throes of convulsion,
Oh, the agonized wail of that sad parting moan,
As the soul from the body, in sudden expulsion,
Wings its flight in dismay to the regions unknown.

. . . . . .

And the maidens who gathered in awe-stricken wonder
By the light flashing sunlight of morning-tide, said
'Twas the pangs of despair snapped his heart strings asunder,
And he cared not for life, since Da Conti was dead.

* The Westminster Abbey of Sweden, at Stockholm.

No, alas! it was terror. When swiftly uprising
From the lips of Da Conti, the long trestle rod
Caught his gown, and it seemed to his heart-agonizing,
That the pressure, behind, was the hand of his God.

And the granite-stemm'd winds, that from Malar come sweeping,
Breathe a sad lullaby where the pine branches wave,
In the Acre of God, on two student forms sleeping,
Who, together in life, share in death the same grave.

But forever are silent the tones of their laughter,
Till Eternity dawns, and all time is no more,
When the loud blast shall summon the solemn hereafter,
And the Nations are met on the far away shore.

H. K. Cockin.

ENTREVUES.

THE French have decidedly the advantage of us in subtlety and exactness of expression. Here is a word expressing a provokingly elusive and evanescent, but at the same time universal, phase of mental experience, of soul-life, and the closest English equivalent we have is some such clumsy periphrasis as "catching a glimpse of." It irresistibly suggests the thought of valley-mists, in which we walk, rifting for an instant, and through the rent permitting us to see the dazzling snow on the distant mountain-top, against a blue and sunny sky. So there are seasons of spiritual exaltation, and moments of intuition, when the soul seems lifted above and out of itself, and discerns truths higher than the cold processes of reason ever show; and then with what heart-longings do we yearn upwards to those pure heights we see so clearly. We would walk forever in that clear, unclouded day. Sometimes these permitted glances are serene and holy visions, and then again, blinding and bright revelations, as of a whole landscape, lit

up by a vivid flash of lightning. But, alas! it is for a moment, and for a moment only, that they last; in one case and in the other we feel our *inadequateness* to express them; baffled, inarticulate, helpless, we sink back to our old level of impotence, and the mists close around us once more.

A. MacMechan.

OLD VOICES.

"The past never comes back; what we fancy are but the ideal ghosts of things that were."

PROFESSOR YOUNG.

I STAND on the confines of the past to-night—
The world that is gone before;
And in the soft flicker of the fire's dim light
Old shadows steal before my sight
From its strange and misty shore.

And bygone murmurs are in my ears,
And sweet lips touch my cheeks;
And old, old tunes, that no one hears,
That steal to me from the sad old years,
And sweet words that no one speaks.

But only the rhythm of an old-time tune,
That steals down the halls of time;
And comes so soft, like the far-off rune
Of a stream that sleeps through the afternoon,
Or a distant evening chime.

And in the silence that intervenes,
Sad voices whisper low:
Come back once more to the loved old scenes—
To the dim old region of boyhood's dreams—
The sweet world you used to know.

W. W. CAMPBELL.

A POEM IN WOOD.

THE canoe is a tiny poem in wood, sweet as the music of Orpheus and pure as the fancies of Shelley.

Its metre is its motion—light and airy. The dappled wavelets playing around its bows in the soft moonlight gently whisper its meaning in the language of Fairyland. Its well of inspiration is buried deep in the vales of the past, where roam the spirits of dark-hued braves and Indian maidens amid groves of sighing pines and bright-leaved maples.

J. McDOUGALL.

A FRAGMENT.

SOME gentle spirit must beget
The dew-bead on the gossamer-net,
The perfume of the violet.

Oh! hear ye not the nimble tread
Of sea-nymphs when the green waves spread
The crisp foam on the shingle-bed?

Well may we mourn the reverent dream
That made the velvet wind to teem
With gods, that breathed in Academe;

Heard voices in the rustling pine,
Saw heavenly light in sparkling wine
And felt in love a fire divine!

W. A. SHORTT.

IN A MIRROR.

NOT my lady herself I see,
Only her image in yonder glass,
None so fair in my eyes as she,
Maidens all she doth far surpass.

And a picture rare and sweet she makes,
In the clear cold light of the wintry day;
As she watches the first few feathery flakes
Of the whirling snow in its noiseless play.

Lightly she stands in the full grey light
That shimmers on robes of misty sheen:
Backed by the curtains' filmy white,
The queenly figure is dimly seen.

Only the small and shapely head,
With its treasure of dark, smooth-knotted hair,
And the olive face with the lips so red,
Show clearly and plain in the mirror there.

Nothing her sweet, cold peace may break,
Steadfast and calm are her eyes alway,

As the morning hush of an inland lake;
And her thoughts are worlds away.

I gaze, the wild hope within me dies,
But, oh! she is very fair to see.
The doom in those calm and steadfast eyes
Is—they ne'er can lighten with love for me.

A. MacMechan.

THE VIOLET.

(*Goethe.*)

UPON the mead a violet blue,
Unknown, in lowly guise, there grew;
A modest lovely flower.
There came a shepherdess so fair,
With lightsome step and golden hair;
Across, across,
Across the mead, and sang.

"Ah!" thinks the violet, "would I were
The fairest flower among the fair,
Ah! but a little while,
Until my love had pluck'd and press'd
Me fondly to her snowy breast;
Oh! grant me, pray,
This boon before I die!"

But onward did the maiden speed,
She to the violet paid no heed,
But crushed it with her foot,
It sank, it died, and yet it joy'd.
"What tho' I die, still do I die
Thro' her, thro' her;
'Tis at her feet I die!"

W. H. VANDERSMISSEN.

BEAUTÉ DE DIABLE.

WHAT is our soul worth? Much? If so, how much?
Let us be honest,—half content we rest
Not to have faced the pro and con and guessed,
Blindly or no, the issue— The soul, or such
We call soul, what is't worth? A kiss? A touch
Of woman's hand or of her sweet, sweet breast?
Fool! fool! you cry. Yet there the sunbeams rest
On her beauty and brown richness. Is't too much?

Sweet face, wild-eyed and wan, with its eclipse
Of hair wind-tossed, eyes and mouth the lair
Of tremulous passion, crimson-coloured lips;
Sweet, O my soul, how sweet a death it were
To drift upon the coral of those lips,
Or tangle in the meshes of that hair!

F. H. SYKES.

QUEBEC.

THOU sittest on thy rocky throne, a queen,
And we bow down before thy ramparts, where,
As piercing the blue sky, thy mount is seen;
Up to the clouds it soars, to purer air.

And at thy feet the river sweeps along;
No tiny stream, with flowers and rushes lined,
But mighty, deep, impetuous and strong;
Stern e'en when winds are low—in storms unkind.

Nor nature's beauty falls alone to thee.
To thee another beauty doth belong;
With thee hath dwelt the muse of history;
Thy past is present by the right of song.

Though blue thy skies, and though thy grass is green,
With blood of noble men erstwhile bestained,

When in fierce battle man with man was seen
Contending for fit prize, so nobly gained.

There fought our Wolfe, the noblest of them all,
Duty his watchword—word through which he won;
As faithful still to duty did he fall,
And falling, heard the cry, "They run, they run."

Who run? And eager lips make haste to tell:
The foe is conquered—England wins the day.
The foe is conquered! Ah! then all is well!
The last words ere his spirit fled away.

And yet not altogether; for it seems
To haunt the spot, and not alone in name
We think of him, as morn's first sunshine gleams
Along the peaceful plains of Abraham.

We think of him when Britain's flag is spread
To the free winds from tower and citadel,

And when the stately warder's martial tread
Stops while he gives the pass-word—All is well!

He saved us for his England—patriot!
And thou, O sovereign city of the west,
By thee his name shall never be forgot,
But thou shalt guard his grave—his bed of rest.

France's imperial eagle would have flown
O'er thy proud cliffs, and growing wild and free,
A tiny flower in our cold northern zone,
Emblem of "La belle France," the *fleur-de-lis*.

Not so, it proves. Yet France and England meet
With claspéd hands—in peace and not in war;
In citadel, in church, and field and street,
In peace forgetting what has gone before.

And here, on an auspicious April day,
There passed before our eyes a pleasant scene,

Welcomed beneath the olden Kentish way,
One whom we love—the daughter of our Queen.

Imperial city—not in rank nor power,
But throned in glory, high above the rest,
Thy walls of granite, like a mighty tower,
Thy very feet by mighty streams caress'd.

Lovely when dawn first blushes on the scene,
And paints the waters in her liquid light;
Still lovely in the sunset's farewell beam,
When all is still, and nature sleeps in night.

A flag waves from thy lofty battle-crag,
The flag of England—floating o'er the free.
The day may come when floats another flag—
Flag of the nation that is yet to be.

J. H. Bowes.

ORPHEUS.

LONG ago a sweet musician
On the Thracian plain at noon,
In the golden drowse of summer
Played so heavenly a tune

That the very hills and forests
To its chords their audience leant,
And the streams were hushed to listen
To his wondrous instrument.

And gone was all the murmur
Of sweetest winds at noon,
And babbling brooks of summer
Hushed their melodious tune.

The gales that from the ocean came
To kiss the summer lands,
Fell dying at the harmony
That floated from his hands;

And youth forgot its passions,
And age forgot its woe,
And life forgot that there was death
Before such music's flow;

And there was hush of laughter,
Where sported youth and maid,
And those who wept forgot their tears
When such sweet notes were played.

For Time was stayed a season
On that glorious Thracian day,
When the very gods from heaven
Came charméd by his lay.

W. W. CAMPBELL.

OLD GOLD.

THIS has been one of those bright cold afternoons which make a Canadian winter so enjoyable. In the forenoon clouds at times hid the sun—huge, cold, grey masses drifting silently through the heavenly æther, in vexed and troubled motion, as if burdened with the unrest of a weary human soul. The far-stretching lake, in cheerless sympathy with the clouds and sky, made unceasingly mournful music, as its leaden water beat, wave upon wave, against the frozen shore. There was a light downfall of snow yesterday, and this morning it was blown hither and thither at the changeful will of blustering December.

But in a few hours the wind fell, the disconsolate wail of the lake had sunk to a pacified murmur, the clouds with their sorrowful burden had passed away, and the blue arch above was filled only with the cold splendour of the winter sun.

During the afternoon the snow on the south side of the roof melted a little and dripped slowly from the eaves. It melted away, too,

on the sunny side at the foot of the stately elms in the College grounds, uncovering a little patch of the grass and a few of the brown, fallen leaves of a bygone summer. With the slow sinking of the sun the thawing ceased, the grass and the leaves gradually stiffened, and here and there at the eaves the last drops were frozen into icicles before they could fall.

The evening shades are drawing on, and I sit down by my window, as is my wont, to spend a quiet hour with memory; although at first, perchance, with desultory eye, I watch Nature painting her last picture ere she lays by her brush for the night.

Beautiful, ever beautiful! The rich amber haze gradually deepens and reddens into a glowing roseate flush which earth's painters might wear out their lives in striving to imitate. One by one, and here and there, as flowers come in spring, the stars appear—violets in the meadows of heaven. . . . There are other violets, gathered from terrestrial meadows, between the leaves of my journal. My only journal! I remember I began to write it when so much happiness had come upon me that I wished to treasure it somewhere, dimly fearing the future and the sorrows

that it might bring. But the journal is still unfinished; the last writing there is just under the violets. It is an old book, and to vulgar eyes the flowers would seem dry and faded. To me their beauty is a memory that cannot grow old. Fresh, as at first, their colour and delicate grace come down with me through the weary years since that quiet summer afternoon when they were plucked by the gentle hand that gave them to me. We were walking in a beautiful little valley ("Arcady" I called it then), a green pasture land, with here a fragrant cedar and there a graceful elm or a sombre birch. A little brook rippled and gurgled as it hastened past cattle peacefully browsing, down to the pond at the lower end of the valley. Here, by the brook we sat down together on a grassy bank. There was much of which we might have spoken, yet few words were ours, since there is a converse sweeter than that which can find utterance. It was enough for me to be in that presence and to look in silence on that face of dreams. Neither the sorrow of the past nor a hope of the future broke in on the tranquil delight of that all-possessing present. The afternoon hours went by all unheeded, for in seasons

like these the soul recks not of time nor of things in time.

Then, in a thicket across the brook, a thrush began singing to his mate his evensong, earnest with an ecstsay sweetly divine, and tremulous from a tenderness he could not sing. As the shades began to deepen in the valley and the faint glimmer of the evening star rose above the western hill, we returned. There came no dull foreboding at parting to mar the happiness of that fair day, and soon we were to meet again, so ever to be, though death himself should seek to part us . . . .

. . . . Ah, no! Now gone forever, unless to fond memory, are those joys, and the halcyon years in which such days could come. There was a shock of heart-quake, short and fearful, and the fair palace which my soul had built for herself to dwell in was rent and utterly fallen. But the tremor and the rumbling ceased long ago, and over that once happy site there is now the stillness and silence of desolation. Here, among the ruins of her fair possessions, she wanders often, filled with the care of living, and refreshes herself with the faint odour of the few violets blooming there, and the memory of what might have been.

A. STEVENSON.

THE PARADISE OF VOICES.

IT was in one of those strange moments when deep inward thought makes men as sleep-walkers, and outward things become "a painted show . . . the shadow of a dream," or when the soul leaves the body to wander in the far shadow-lands of sleep, that the Paradise of Voices was revealed. In none of the spheres through which the passionate Florentine and his beloved lady wandered, not in the upper world nor in the nether, is the cloudy perfumed smoke Paradise of Voices. It is but for those souls that loved their kind supremely and who in life heard, of all sounds most willingly, those from the lips of men. It was not the sound of singing, in choral unison, triumph or praise and of the mysterious music of heaven, but murmurs many, varied, multitudinous as the voice of the sea. At first they were faint, confused, and far away. Then, coming nearer, one could know they were voices speaking; the words no man could hear, but what was said touched the other life. Wafted gently up and down in the heavy in-

cense air, the dreamer learned to know by degrees the diverse tones that went to make that strange unearthly sweet harmony. Though nothing could be seen, by listening could be *felt* the presence and the music of Human Lives. The sound first learnt was the faintest of all. It was the contented cooings of young babes and the hushes of the mothers rocking them asleep upon their breasts. Clearer came the fresh voices of young girls mingled with happy laughter, theirs to enjoy till "sorrow comes with years" to still it all. Ah! well-a-day.

More softly rose as a *withered* sound the voices of the Peaceful Aged as they sit and talk together of the children that have gone "into the next . . . room" before they were grown too tall to be snatched up and kissed, and of the other children "we thought would close *our* eyes." Stranger came the earnest voices of men, *friends*, when they speak of those *deepest* things to the woman, lost but still loved, and the heartache since. There, too, was the sound of prayer when the bitterness for the first-born is awed to reverence before the inscrutable cruelties of a father; the voices of young lovers whispering no time too long; the strong swell of triumph when a great work is

done, and no tear falls for the hero, so worthy has been his life.

The welcome that is sighed not spoken after many years was there, and the tender words of the consoler heard through tears, single words of love dropped by chance to strangers, pet-names, and the names of home. All these and many more, infinitely varied as the leaves on a summer tree, blended from above, below, around, into such a harmony as is not in Earth nor yet in Heaven, and drew the dreamer, bore him, along, aloft, gently, softly, in the dark and heavy air.

A. MacMechan.

TO WILLIAM MORRIS.

WHEREFORE, Morris, paint for us
The glorious gods, the fairness of fair maids and godlike men,
And all the hues of regions meet for these?—
——There are beauties dim the eye that looks on them;
There are deeds that wither all the strength
Craves opportunity of doing;
There are thoughts that pale
Who strive to conquer their unutterableness;
And there are those
Who, in their grasp of all these things,
Soar, ah! so far beyond the hope of those
That faintly try to grasp the light
Which floods the sun-lit dome of Beauty's sphere.
——I sometimes wish the king of birds
Were merely mythical; that we might never see
The eye that gazes on the ancient sun,
Not as here, where all the race
Of ordinary mortals has beclouded it,

But clear, and as when men did worship,
Surely, surely such a singer sweet,
That can so utterly entrance himself
And us, can pour such opiate calm
On all Life's questioning restlessness,
Has drained—ere childhood's mirth had died
From Hebe's ever-youthful hand a cup.
Such, perhaps, as that in which the laughter-
loving Queen*
Would pledge the grave Apollo.

T. Arnold Haultain.

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* φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη.—*Homer.*

A MEMORY.

SHE leans at the window watching
Where the sky and the sea embrace,
The wind with soft fingers tangling
Her hair over neck and face.

She heeds not the wind, nor listens
To the sound of songs from the bay;
For a white-winged ship in the distance
Flutters and flees away.

"*Where are thy secret sepulchres,*
With their funeral winds, O sea?
The ships sail in, the ships sail out,
But he never can come to me."

F. H. SYKES.

THE MAN IN THE BLACK COAT.

HE was not a mysterious personage at all. About him was none of the awe that shrouds black dominoes, black masks, black gondolas, black art. No delicious thrill is felt in his name as in that of gliding moon-lighted Women in White. He was not at all like that other man in black whose pungent remarks and cross-grained benevolence so charmed the citizen of the world. He had not even the slight disguise of an incognito. He was only an Irish carter that I had often to do business with in the office. In person he was stumpy, red-faced, and red-haired, but remarkable for a certain apologetic politeness that never failed. Civility was not common in the office, but Dennis was different from all the other men. And—I saw him last Sunday on his way to church, with a book in his hand, and the black coat whereof I speak on his back.

At first the shock of surprise at seeing him clothed otherwise than in the ragged, worn vesture of every day made me think myself mistaken. But the red, rugged face, the fiery

hair, the short, toil-stiffened frame could belong to none but my friend. As to the coat itself, though new and of good material, it was the most marvellously ill-fitting covering it was ever my fortune to behold. It would have given Poole a nightmare, but it was worn with such an air of decent becoming pride. Why should one's eyes fill up and an involuntary "Poor fellow!" escape my lips? What can there be in the sight of an Irish carter in hideous broadcloth to cry over?

Perhaps it was because the wearer was so utterly, so sublimely unconscious of incongruity or ugliness. Or was that coat the proof of a long pathetic struggle towards respectability, towards betterment, towards a position in life? It was the owner's protest against stagnation. The token of a laudable ambition to rise in the world. We honour the manfulness of it, but, Dennis! did you ever think of the utter futility of the struggle, after all? Will it ever satisfy you? Or was it futile? Perhaps the end of Dennis' existence was reached when he achieved that black coat, that outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. Poor fellow! poor fellow!

A. MacMechan.

ON A CHRISTMAS CARD.

BENEATH the sheen of her chestnut hair,
A lily face, so purely fair,
In silence dreameth;
The smile on parted lips doth seem
Half sadly to echo her maiden dream,
Whate'er it meaneth.

Thinks she of childhood's hours gone by,
Glad days of sweet simplicity,
Unknown to woe?
Dreams she of love with its joy and pain,
Measures she idly the loss or gain,
She does not know?

To kindle love's light in those dark blue eyes,
To teach her the worth of a lover's sighs,
The task is hard;
For her dream of love is not for me,
And the face I worship I only see
On a Christmas card

W. H. BLAKE.

VERSES.

O MURMUR, murmur, little stream,
Drink, drink your draught to time and me;
Laugh, laugh, and lull to sleep the beam
That wanders with you to the sea.

O ripple, ripple as you flow,
And wander by the dreamless dead;
Arms ever folded as you go,
They never, never turn the head.

O little stream, laugh, laugh along,
Leave no flower thirsting on the plain;
For suns may die and years are long,
But you can never come again.

O murmur, murmur little stream,
Drink, drink your draught to time and me;
Laugh, laugh, and lull to sleep the beam
That wanders with you to the sea.

W. W. CAMPBELL.

SEPARATION.

THE sky is one cloud, ash-grey and vast,
High-domed and wide;
After the long bleak day at last
Comes eventide.

I stand and bear on wishful lips,
One sweetest name,
And vain the cold horizon scan
For sunset flame.

Low down in the distant west,
At last I see
A narrow and crimson flush, imprest
'Twixt sky and lea.

Both Gloom and Night that love-tint threat
In hateful strife.
Ah! what am I, if that flame should fade
From out my life!

A. MacMechan.

SPECTACLES.

IT is only of those mental spectacles through which we look at persons and things, and view passing events, that I wish to speak. These spectacles are of a variety of colours and powers. We all use at least one pair; some of us, perhaps, have half-a-dozen.

Here in our little college world we have our different glasses. The higher years have green goggles through which they see the first year, and accordingly the first year seems green to them. The lower years have magnifying glasses through which they see the upper years, and the upper years seem big to them. For these notions there is but little foundation in reality; it is all on account of the spectacles. There are also other sets of glasses through which we students are accustomed to look. The Honour courses put on their gold-rimmed glasses, and calmly try to stare the unblushing Pass course out of countenance. When they are not doing this they are glowering at each other. The classical man cannot see how culture can be got out of precise mathematics, uncertain metaphysics, parvenu moderns, or

those vulgarly-presumptuous sciences. The science man may admit the worth of mathematics, he may recognize the value of moderns as an instrument; metaphysics are not so bad when purified by science; but as for classics, even admitting that culture may be got from them and from them alone, what is culture as compared with science. The mathematician puts on his precisely constructed glasses and surveys the rest. Moderns are very well if you confine yourself to a study of French and German mathematical books; classics and mathematics have gone hand in hand so long that we can endure them—do we not aid the sciences—therefore, let them be, only let them have a care not to build too much on hypotheses. But as for metaphysics, and here, bending his piercing glasses on her quivering form, he stops, words will not fill up the measure of his contempt. Thus we continue our one-sided views, notwithstanding that it has come to us from the gods that "there is a soul of good in all things evil if men will but diligently seek it out." Has not Professor Clifford predicted that the time shall come when "Latin prose and biology will lie down together, and mathematics and metaphysics kiss each other?"

Again there is the old quarrel between the specialists and the generalists. The specialist thinks that education should be deep; the generalist thinks it should be broad. The specialist says, cultivate thoroughly one faculty; the generalist says, exercise and develop your whole being. Both may be right. It is said of a certain German specialist that, after having devoted his whole life to the study of the Latin, Dative and Accusative cases, he on his death-bed regretted that he had not confined himself to the Dative case alone. Even this specialist of specialists would have been ashamed of the general ignorance of many so-called specialists. Can you understand the function of the arm without knowing something, if but in a general way, about the whole body? Can there be a good oculist who doesn't understand the general physiology of the body, and that too pretty thoroughly? Hasn't comparative physiology thrown much light on special physiology? Will not human psychology become plainer in the light of comparative psychology? Division of labour is undoubtedly necessary—some must be generalists and some must be specialists. The specialist should, to be of use, know the place which the object of

his studies fills in the general scheme of the universe; while the generalist must acknowledge that he depends on the deep scrutiny of the specialist for the facts on which he bases his generalizations. Are not such men as Spencer and Darwin equally necessary with our friend the German? Does not the one supplement the other? Why then should they waste their energies in wondering at the stupidity of each other.

On the borderland between the university and the world we are very apt to put on our spectacles with the letters B.A. written large upon them, and wonder how the uncultured crowd can endure their uncultured existence. Be not so hasty, friend Is it such a great difference after all that separates us from the stupidest amongst men? In an infinity of ignorance finite differences make little count. Do you think that the infinite universe knows which one of us has a B.A. and which one has not? Havn't Shakespeare's fools taught the world wisdom? Didn't Dogberry persist in being written down an ass. From every man and woman in this world we can learn something, and it is the worse both for us and them if all that they can teach us is that there are

such men and women. The prayer of Ajax was for light; by all means let the world have light. Light is, however, not necessarily spelt B.A.

There are some men in the world who look at everything through an essentially-practical and business-like medium, while some look at it through a theoretical, and others through the "dim religious light" of a poetical medium. The practical man who prides himself on being practical is shunned by the others. Theory is to him not worth much, and poetry is all moonshine; neither will get a man along in the world. And what is the use of being in the world unless you get along in it? To the theoretical man the sphere of the practical man's vision seems to be but a narrow one, of which he himself is the centre. To the poetical soul he is a contaminating vulgarity. Was not Polonius, the worldly-wise, a practical man? And did not Hamlet, the poet, slay him? Shakespeare, who saw the value of both, created both.

Has not sacred Art her different schools? Do they not often look at each other through a distorting medium? Fancy a pre-Raffaellite saying that the production of a Raffaellite was of the highest! To him the figures in "The

Transfiguration" are but "kicking gracefulnesses." Do not the Romantic, and the Classic, and the Realistic novelists quarrel amongst each other? Is a Zola just to a Hugo, or even a Hugo unbiased in his judgment of a Zola? The war between Realism and Idealism seems likely to continue for some time. Happily the contention is, for the most part, confined to the workers in the different schools. Are we not the better for Burns and Keats, Hogarth and Raffaelle?

Religion also has her many spectacles. Not religion, but the creeds, which are generally called religion. They look at each other, and they see plenty of errors—in creed. They all look at him who dares to deny them, and he is condemned already. They quarrel over which has done most good to humanity, and forget that it is not they that have done the good, but what of true religion they have not concealed under their forms.

If asked for England's most religious man, whom shall we say? Shakespeare. Hear Carlyle: "Nature seemed to this man also divine; *un*speakable, deep as Tophet, high as Heaven: 'We are such stuff as dreams are made of!' That scroll in Westminster Abbey,

which few read with understanding, is of the depth of any seer. But the man sang, did not preach, except musically. We called Dante the melodious Priest of Middle-Age Catholicism. May we not call Shakespeare the still more melodious Priest of a *true* Catholicism, the 'Universal Church' of the Future and of all times? No narrow superstition, harsh asceticism, intolerance, fanatical fierceness, or perversion: a revelation, so far as it goes, that such a thousand-fold hidden beauty and divineness dwells in all nature; which let all men worship as they can! . . . . I cannot call this Shakespeare a 'sceptic' as some do; his indifference to the creeds and theological quarrels of his time misleading them. No: neither unpatriotic, though he says little about his Patriotism; nor sceptic, though he says little about his Faith. Such 'indifference' was the fruit of his greatness withal; his whole heart was in his own grand sphere of worship (we may call it such); these other controversies, vitally important to other men, were not vital to him."

Through what dark spectacles does the pessimist see the world! To him there seems little hope for humanity after all. Alas!

there is in him something of the nature of Mephistopheles—he can see the bad and the evil in man's lot, but he seems utterly incapable of seeing the good in it. He will refer you back to the "Golden Age," and point out where we have degenerated. There is no hope in your telephones and your howling, screeching locomotives. You have arrived at the triumph of ugliness with your perambulating bill-stickers defacing God's beautiful world. You have arrived at the triumph of nastiness in your "new philosophy of dirt." The smoke from a thousand chimneys obscures his vision, and the din from a thousand workshops deafens him to all else—there is for him nothing but ugliness, and smoke and din. The good old times were the best. Now he sees nothing but machine-waged wars which generate cowardice, improvements which effeminate men, and demagogues bidding for the votes of the hydra-headed mob.

And thus we come to the bias of Conservatism, with its opposite, that of Radicalism. Is the man whose deepest interests are involved in maintaining things as they are very apt to think that change can in any way benefit humanity? The Irish landlord is as

incapable of seeing any hope for Ireland in the establishment of peasant-proprietorship as the tenant is incapable of seeing that even if peasant-proprietorship were established it would not at once make him prudent and thrifty. Is the man who is always looking back able to see light ahead? Is the man who is always looking ahead capable of knowing the value of dragging "at each remove a lengthening chain." It is only by the conjoint action of Conservatism and Radicalism that the world moves safely on. If one preponderates stagnation is the result; if the other, revolution. The Radical is scarcely capable of appreciating the good that has resulted from squirearchy, while the Conservative sees nothing in Democracy but vulgarity. The spectacles of patriotism may be equally distorting.

An Englishman is very apt to think slightingly of a Frenchman, and there is a lingering notion in many parts of England that an ordinary Englishman can beat as many Frenchmen as you like to mention. Biased by this prejudice, the petty writers of those so-called histories which dwell on battles and on the number of heroes slain, are very apt to

attribute all the honour and all the bravery to their countrymen. Even Victor Hugo, in his description of the Battle of Waterloo, has not been uninfluenced by this biasing feeling. Many of us know how unpleasant it is to meet an Englishman who compares everything here with what they have "at home," and whose universal verdict is that it is nothing like what they have in England. Attributing every good thing to "the glorious climate of California" is but litle ruder than regarding the only institutions and customs that are of any value in the world as those to which we are accustomed, and those only.

We may often speak of the foolish customs of other nations, at the same time ignoring the fact that we may have customs equally foolish. The "Letters from a Citizen of the World" have not, as yet, lost all their significance. Cosmopolitanism is gradually becoming commoner. Increased facilities for intercourse between peoples is gradually teaching men that there is some good in other nations. Thus the view which, to primitive men, was confined to the limits of their tribes is gradually stretching out and embracing the whole of humanity. The greatest amongst men have

been cosmopolitans; and what the greatest have been the whole of humanity may be.

We owe it to sacred truth to try and see as clearly as we can into things, not on one side or on the other side, but on all sides, if not to the heart. May it at length be said of every man, as Carlyle has said of Shakespeare, that he was "Great as the world? No twisted, poor convex-concave mirror, reflecting all objects with its own convexities and concavities; a perfectly *level* mirror; that is to say, if we will understand it, a man justly related to all things and men, a good man." It is the duty of every one with whatsoever of strength and whatsoever of talent he may possess to strive to reach this just relation to all things and men, and be good men.

T. C. MILLIGAN.

TO A YOUNG VIOLINISTE.

MAIDEN, didst thou know the power,
'Neath thy liquid notes that throbs;
Didst thou know our trembling
When thy music sighs and sobs;
Didst thou know the spirit soaring
When thy heart is fast outpouring
All its music and its madness,
All its depth of joy and sadness,
With the sweetness of thy face passing into the sweet sound;
Thy careless flitting smiles would flee,
A sad-eyed priestess thou wouldst be
Self-consecrated to the beauty of the world around.

F. H. SYKES.

INDIAN SUMMER.

ALONG the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans
With all his glory spread,
And all the sumachs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapt in mist
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long, still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.

W. W. CAMPBELL.

EDUCATION AND INCENDIARISM.

A GREAT conflagration does certainly enhance the pleasure of gazing at beautiful faces of a certain kind. There are the same deep eyes that in garish daylight one was almost afraid to fathom—so cold, so mysterious were they. The same soft cheek, of late so immobile, so staidly colourless, but now varying and flushed as much by the delight of the escapade, as the reflection of the glorious flames. Undoubtedly it is to these phenomena that we are to trace the late holocausts. It is then our duty to point out to the perpetrators how entirely mistaken they are to imagine that style of beauty to be truly precious which can be enhanced by so utterly unartistic an affair as a house on fire. If we can educate them up to perceive that it is only a lower grade of beauty that can delight us in such cases, we shall be able easily to prevent such terrible occurrences in the future.

The ideal, ineffable face—

"Pale as the duskiest lily's leaf or head,
. . . Perfect coloured, without white or red,"

is, or ought to be, absolute. Action of any kind does not suit the "lily-maid." Rest, perfect rest, in herself and her surroundings, it is, that suits her best; best, because we believe all things of her and need not to see her beauty added to. We long rather to see her in that repose which, we are told, is "the sign of that supreme knowledge which is incapable of surprise, the supreme power which is incapable of labour."

But then, alas! some of us are not always in a mood to adore the ideal. The Philistine will sacrifice the august to the frivolous, grace to wit, permanent culture to ephemeral effervescence; and not until we can prove to them the higher blessedness of adoring supreme beauty shall we be enabled to point out the folly of burning down a house to see the effects of its glare on a favourite face.

T. Arnold Haultain.

AT THE CORNER OF THE STREET.

AT the corner of the street,
Where the wind strikes rough and rude,
I'm afraid she's had to meet
Fates she scarce hath understood.
For her infant eyes from under
Steals a mute surprise and wonder.

As if in her gentle mind
She was busy reasoning why
Mankind should be thus unkind,
And so rudely thrust her by.
Has she then done wrong? Why, let her
Know; she would do so much better.

Then she lifts a timid eye;
Then she raised her baby face,
—So timidly, so falt'ringly—
Yet with such a gentle grace.
Is it this way you would have?
"Sir, my papers will you buy?"
But they roughly said her, nay;
And they rudely held their way.

For they knew not, little maid,
As they heeded not your prayer,
Nor the bitter tears you shed,
That the woe of Christ was there.
Christ with you, they utterly
Forgot, that day they thrust you by.

H. St. Q. Cayley.

THROUGH THE LEAVES.

WHERE the water-lilies rise,
Lithe-stemmed, from the silver sand,
White-robed birches bend to see
Maidens sporting by the strand.

Careless breezes waft their songs,
Mingled with the wild-flowers' scent,
Through the solemn aisles of pine,
And the cedars gnarled and bent.

Laughter ripples through the air
(Merry maids are at their play),
Answering wavelets on the lake,
Kiss the shore and haste away.

W. H. Blake.

INNOCENCE.

A SONNET.

NOT on the crowded plain she grew, this flower,
This lily-stem, as yet not burst in bloom,
Where hot and heavy-scented vapours fume,
And crush of many toiling feet o'erpower.

And all too ruthlessly besmirch the few,
The fairest; but this lily-stem in peace,
In deepest, quiet glade of forest trees
Sheltered, bloomed. Of love, of hate, 'tis true

She heard; but the polluting breeze tha brought
To her so innocent ear these sounds, was reft
In that pure forest glade of all that sought

To mar her thoughtless purity, and left
No sight, no sound, no slightest tainting air,
No speck to strike her fleck-less sepals there.

T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

NIGHT ON THE PLAINS.

THE dying day is bathed in sunset smiles;
Bright jewelled night fast follows in his train
With floods of light, illuming far the plains,
That fade where eye no farther can discern.
The heavens high to dewy earth bend low,
The silver sun and all the starry host!
The evening wind brings the rose-blossom breath,
And on the wild flowers and the living green
Gather and glisten the dew-drops beautiful.

But when the moon her full-orbed beauty hides,
Or with shy glance soon seeks the shadowy west,
Electric showers, the plains of heaven o'erspread
In clouds of mellow light, that ever changing
From the earth do spring, and hastening, roll

In endless rounds, concent'ring in the dome.
Or shooting forth long training bands of fire,
Like falling stars a trackless pathway leave;
As veil on lovely maiden's brow but dims
The lustre of her eyes, so through the running
Rays aglow, the eyes of night peep out,
All glistening as with tears bedewed.

How beautiful is night! glad visaged night,
That writes in smiles the angels' thoughts,
Or woos the weary wanderer to rest.
In radiant streams my fancy bathes her wings,
And flies beyond the reach of mortal sight:
There seeks the shadows that we see, to find
Both whence they come, and whither waning go.
Now has the blush of rainbow light grown dim,
And night in softest slumber, silence holds.

M. S. MERCER.

LOST LOVE.

LONG ago one day when sitting
In the sunlight's mellow glow,
Soft across my heart came flitting
Your dear voice so sweet and low.

Ah! my heart stood still for gladness
As the music reached my ears;
Little dreamed I then of sadness
Looming in the future years.

All the world lay bright before me,
Sweet the birds sang out their lay;
Joy, with your dear voice, fell o'er me
On that happy summer day.

But before the shadows falling
Changed the golden light to grey,
Death in earthly form appalling,
Came and stole my love away!

Brightly still the sun is shining,
Sweet the birds sing out their lay;
But my weary heart repining,
Withered on that summer day.

A. D. STEWART.

MORNING.

IN THE CITY.

IT is a cheerless morning as we step out upon the damp pavement. The air is sharp and piercing, and the uncertain light that begins to glimmer seems rather to increase the gloom of the scene. The houses are grotesquely large, the sidewalks are bare, and look half expectant of the great human tide that will flow back over them with the return of day. The streets are noiseless and empty. Even the darkness, as if reluctant to leave, lingers yet in shady corners, and down dark alleys. Out on the broad streets the perspective of the long lines of houses is harder than ever. The street corners never seemed so mathematical, the church spires never so fantastic. As we pass along and look up at the windows, here and there a drawn blind betrays the sleeper within, while down below, articles exposed for sale, and left over night, look odd and out of place. Next, we reach a cross street, and glancing along expect

to see some living being. Not a soul is stirring, and the long street ends only in a dim mist that suggests, miles and miles away, the country—the home of the green fields and the summer clover, where nature rules alone, and all is innocence, and purity and hope. Dreaming, however, of them, brings the fields no nearer; as we wander on we see for miles around us acres and acres of the roofs and chimney-tops of the great city. You would almost fancy that the whole population had fled during the night, till a stray beam of light falling on the pavement attracts our attention, and looking up we see that the dim ray of a lamp has struggled out through a closed shutter only to die in the first light of day. Perhaps, too, with that dim ray, struggles out the muttered, long-forgotten prayer of a dying man. For within, the rays of the low-burning lamp fall across the feverish face of the sufferer, who welcomes the morning but to wish it gone, and only sees the day decline to long for it back again. As the first light steals in on him, his thoughts wander away back to the old home and the little room where, long ago, he used to lie and watch the same bright sunbeams glisten and glance on

the little square window-panes, while outside high overhead, the birds were praising Him who sends the sunlight. Life was very fair then, but now repentance seems a mockery, and hope comes too late. Leaving the light and the reflections it awakens, we pass on. A stealthy breeze comes up the street behind us, making the shop signs swing and creak till they look ashamed of their own faces, and sending a rabble of last year's leaves with their bad city acquaintances—scraps of dirty paper—scampering across the roadway. A little farther on, down at the end of a lane shines a gas lamp, looking dismal in the increasing light. Led by curiosity, we pass in and disturb what seems a bundle of rags, but what is in reality a human being that want has forced into the streets, and Christian charity and the police have left there. Alas, that brick and stone should be less hard-hearted than flesh and blood! Some are asleep—only to wake again perhaps on many another morning of misery like this. But they are far away now from their troubles, far away in the fields, in the woods where they once used to stroll. Some are in gorgeous palaces attended by smiling courtiers. Some in golden climes

raising the precious sand in their hands. All are forgetful of what is passing around them. Thank God! the poor are as happy in their dreams as the rich, and often more so! Retracing our steps we pass out under the archway on up the street. There is more light, and things look more natural. Round the corner in front of us comes the first cart with a sharp turn, and goes rattling away up the street. The sun is coming up fast now; it tips the cathedral's spire and pinnacles with a dazzling edge of gold; a minute more it peeps over the gables and looks you full in the face. The broad day has come at last. And down through palace dome and rotten roof, through costly coloured glass and shattered window, it sheds its equal ray.

IN THE COUNTRY.

There is no wind. Even nature herself is in suspense as we step out through the little wicket gate and go on up the pathway over the hill. The air is fresh, and with the first faint signs of the coming day grows colder. The few remaining stars never looked so far away. Far in front the first dull hue—the death of night rather than the birth of day—glimmers faintly

in the sky. Soon this indistinct light gives way to brighter colours that foretell the advent of day. Higher and higher it shoots into the pale vault, till the sun—the bright sun that brings back, not light alone, but new life and hope and gladness to man—bursts forth over the expectant earth in clear and radiant glory. God made the country. No one could doubt it, as in the green grass on every hand sparkle thousands of gems. The daisies turn their lovely dew-dipped faces to greet the light. Objects which looked grim and terrible in the darkness grow more and more defined, and gradually resolve themselves into familiar shapes. The haystacks, even the barns, look picturesque as the first sunbeams, leaping from one tree-top to another, fall aslant their moss-grown gables and down their weather-beaten sides. Over on the hill yonder the little country church that nestles among the pine trees has not been forgotten, for these first beams look in at the odd, old-fashioned windows, and throw great golden bars of light into the pews below. Still, though these sunbeams love the little, old, steady-going church, with its ivy-covered walls and simple worshippers, they love far better to peep in through the churchyard gate, with its

unsteady hinges, and look at the graves which lie thick in the shadow of its walls. These early beams never trouble the old hinges, for they come in right over the top of the gate, and stoop ever so gently to kiss the grass that is green on every mossy grave. They remember the one that has lain there forgotten for a century, and they have done so every morning during all these long years. They stoop in pity over the mound that was not there yesterday, and lift the drooping flowers that were placed there last night. Soon, however, the new grave will be as green as the rest, soon it will miss the gathered flowers and the daily visit, but the gentle sunlight will come back again every morning just the same. Through the weather-beaten palings of the old fence the great heads of clover look in awe at their more patrician neighbours, the roses. But the roses too must die with the clover. On, down the road we pass, till in the meadow we cross the bridge with its noisy stream. The well-worn planks show that many have passed before us on up, perhaps to the churchyard on the hill, or to the wicked city many a long mile past it. As we stand gazing into the stream the maples glance over our shoulder at

their images reflected in the water, and their leaves tremble as they fancy that perhaps some day they may stoop too far and fall headlong into the water. Out on the meadow the sheep are grazing as if the sun had been up for hours. Right down in front, a little bird, rising from his nest amid the long grass, flies straight up—up as if he would reach the very sky. His song is so glad, so pure, so joyous, that you cannot help envying him the voice that sends forth such a hymn of praise. Farther on, from the top of the hill we see fields on fields of waving grain, backed in the distance by the green woods that look so mysterious with their cold blue mist. Here and there a pine outstripping his fellows tosses up to heaven his sturdy arms. The sky is now full of its morning glory and radiant in gold. We can hardly fancy, as we look round on the smiling earth, that lust and vice and wickedness could ever come to mar such loveliness as this.

D. J. MacMurchy.

THE MORALIZER IN CONVOCATION HALL.

I SAT in College, in the Hall of Sighs,
My papers on the desk before me laid;
Back in my chair I lean'd and closed my eyes,
Soothed by the murmur scratching goose-quills made.
I'll sit and dream for some brief minutes, I said,
And moralize on human hopes awhile.
How vain and weak are present moments weigh'd
With past and future! In the lengthened file
Of years how brief! though brief, how win-
ning in their smile.

I hear beside me the weary Pass-man sigh;
He's leaning on his hand—his aching brow
Owns foul defeat, but conquers agony,
Although his few ideas refuse to flow;
And though he doth full well and sadly know
That those sad blots upon his papers thrown

Are mingled sweat and ink—which make
a show
That well may make a kind examiner groan,
Or petrify the same, or turn him into stone.

He knows it all, but heeds not, for his
thought
Is flying through the misspent past away
Among the hours of morning, when he sought
The sleep that merry nights must snatch
from day.
He tugs his lanky hair; and I daresay
If time return'd, he'd spend it differently.
Or, who knows, p'raps he'd be again as
gay,
And let the giddy hours in mirth pass by.
It matters not; he will not get the chance
to try.

Our days misspent may never more return;
Time never rolls again his backward wheel;
The gods are not so kind that we should
learn
To undo error thus, and wisdom steal.
The hours, with their weight of woe and
weal,

Are gone forever, though we wish them back.
But now to wandering thoughts adieu! I feel
'Tis time to do my papers, for alack!
By moralizing much e'en I may get the sack.

H. St. Q. Cayley.

DRIFTING.

OUT in the gloom on the sea,
Drifting so fast,
Only the sail flapping drearily
Against the mast.

Out to the wide world-sea
We drift without rest,
Only the heart beats wearily
Against the breast.

We know not the eyes filled with longing,
That watch you and me,
As we drift away in the darkness
On the world and the sea.

F. H. Sykes.

FORBIDDEN TO KNOW.

FAR in the purple air
Among the mountains proud,
Like a child's low, whispered prayer
When angry dangers crowd,
Innocently fair,
Floated a fairy cloud.

Reflecting the colours gay
Thrown by the sun above,
Blue and silver and grey,
Like a fearless, trusting dove;
A messenger sent to say
There lived an all-seeing Love.

"Love's messenger," cried I,
"Canst thou really teach
That there *is* tranquillity
For me, for thee, for each?
Nothing will I not try
That will help me Love to reach."

Silently sank the sun;
Vanished that cloud in gloom.
"Is there no answer? None?"
All was silent as the tomb.
Silently sank the sun;
"Ah! God, what a hopeless doom."

T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

ONE trembling streak of light—as cold and pale
As that from gems on one who lies in death—
Has fluttered from the sky, and now the gale
Is moaning, as one lone and wearied,
Grieving; for night is whispering with chill breath,
"The last day of the dying year is dead,
Is dead." Across the cheerless waste of sky
Dark clouds are hurrying; and overhead
The wild night winds are calling with a cry
As of a soul's despair,—the voices coming nigh:
"Now day is dead. O dying year,
Bow down thy head, thy snow-white head,
For day hath fled.

Thy life is sped; the hours—thy last—
Are waning fast.

Death dooms thee dead.
Hark! 'Tis his tread! With wintry blast,

He cometh fast—his shadow, cast
Upon the head, hath doomed thee dead.
Thy life is sped."

. . . . . .

The quiet starlight sleeps, the clouds have passed
Like ships, across the blue to a shadowy coast.
. . . Now brazen throats of midnight bells loud shout
A new year's advent, and the sound rolls out
Upon the night,—and now the dead year's ghost
Is groping through the darkness, in the vast
And crumbling catacombs of the buried past.

The sound of bells is floating to the west;
From out the west a floating murmur seems
To swell in answer,—but to whom address,
Who knows? Like one who lies in troubled dreams,
It murmurs brokenly, and sinks to rest:
"Ah! to many a one he brought
A friend,—and was there none that sought
To ease his death! He died alone,
Alone, alone; the snow is blown

In the beard that's tangled on his breast..
Gently thro' the purple deep
Of heaven, while the night-winds sleep,
Bear him gently to his rest,
I' the haunted west."

W. J. HEALY.

"ROSY-FINGERED MORN."

THE night blows outward
In a mist,
And all the world
The sun hath kissed.

Along the golden
Rim of sky,
A thousand snow-piled
Vapours lie.

And by the wood
And mist-clad stream,
The Maiden Morn
Stands still to dream.

W. W. CAMPBELL.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

NO fabled land of joy and song is this
That lieth in the glow of eventide;
Not sung by bards of old in minstrel strain,
Yet, he who reads its history shall learn
Of doughty deeds well worth all knightly fame.
It is a land of rivers flowing free,
Lake-mirrored mountains, rising proud and stern,
A land of spreading prairies ocean wide,
Where harsh sounds slumber in the hush of gloom,
And peace hath brooded with outstretched wings.
Upon the western shore soft breaks the waves,
Rolling with measured pace upon the sands,
Far to the north the ocean washes cold,
Where reigneth icy solitude supreme.
Here every season hath its varied charm,
Stern winter shrouds in snow the mountain side,

Till spring sets free the captive bud and shoot,
And wood and grove break out in joyous song;
Then summer suns bring forth a fuller bloom,
Then autumn gilds the green with flaming red,
And reapers gather in the golden grain,
Shouting in merriment the harvest home.
But ever mindful history repeats
The tale of sons heroic of old France,
Who came, and with brave hearts no labour shunned;
They pierced the tangled brake, they plied the axe,
Encountering danger, but victorious,
While lofty bulwarks and far distant forts,
Mark their endeavour and enshrine their name!
Here dwelt the Indian when the years were young,
There lingers many a legend of his race,
Near reed-fringed lake, or deep and dark ravine;
But he has fallen as the autumn leaf,
Yet not before the herald of great joy
Bore to the farthest homes the cross of hope,

And in the shade profaned by pagan rites
The red man bowed his knee and worshipped God.
Such was the past of this great northern land,
A past of stillness and of nature's reign.
But, lo! a change—from far across the sea
Behold there comes a mighty multitude,
From Britain's isle, from Erin's verdant strand,
From misty Scotland, and from sunny France—
They come, they come, their native soil forsake,
Pursuing fortune in another clime,
A younger, sunnier land, where life breathes hope,
While nature freely gives of her rich store;
Here little children come from haunts of crime,
From cities pestilent, and fevered streets,
Where skies are dull and hearts weighed down with care,
With wonder gaze they at the limpid streams,
The lakes, and flower-strewn plains of Canada.
And here a mighty people shall arise,

A people nurtured in full liberty,
Free as the wind that blows from sea to sea,
Strong as the eagle soaring to the sun;
And they shall love their land with patriots' love,
And guard her borders as the men of old
Their country guarded in the hour of need;
Yet, not forgetful of the mother land,
Who scans with kindly eye her child's career.
Wafting a blessing o'er the mighty sea.
And smiling homes shall blossom near and far,
And down the river glide the flying craft,
The palpitating engine cross the plain,
The busy murmur of a toiling world
Shall violate the stillness of the woods,
Where roamed the deer in full security.
Such be thy future; O, thou land of hope,
Where in the fear of God and love of home,
Thy people shall increase—O, may thy soil
Bear many a thinker, many a man of might,
Many a statesman, fitted to control,
Many a hero, fitted to command,
May enemies ne'er cross thy borderland;
But if they come, if the stern blast of war

Ring shrill and clear, and rouse thee from thy rest,
May all thy sons rise, valiant hearts and true,
To battle for the land their fathers sought.
Then safe reposing on their laurels won,
Love it with greater love for dangers past;
Such may thy future be—not great alone,
In never-sated commerce—rather great
In all that welds a people heart to heart;
Among thy sons may many a leader spring,
By whom the ship of state well piloted,
Thy haven of wide Empire thou may'st reach,
An empire stretching from the western wave
To where the rosy dawn enflames the seas.

J. H. Bowes.

WINTER.

FROM the cold and dreary north-land—
From the icy far-off lone land,
With its stunted larches growing,
In the sunless twilight showing—
Came the winter, cold and dreary,
With its evenings, long and weary;
With its pallid sunsets gleaming;
Came the winter with its snowing,
With its blust'ring and its blowing,
And its icy snow-moon beaming;
And the bearded autumn forest
Bent its branches, slowly creaking.

While among its leafless branches
Low a voice was softly moaning;
Like the sea waves on a rock shore,
Always flowing, always ebbing,
Came that voice: The year is dying,
Dying slowly, dying softly,
Like some world-worn spirit holy,
With its load of spirits weary,
With its dead and with its dying.

From the far-off Arctic forests
Came the silent snow-clad ice king;

Laid he o'er the land his mantle,
Laid it softly, laid it slowly;
In the silent dead of midnight
Buried he the olden dead-year,
Buried in its icy snow-shroud;
Covered he the aged maples,
With their branches rocking, swaying—
Rocking, swaying in the night-wind;
Covered he the gnarled beeches,
Hushed he up the icy night-wind,
Hushed it to a solemn stillness.

Thus came unto us the winter
From the dreary far-off northland,
Came to bury up the dead-year
In the dreary hour of midnight.
Silent broke the winter's morning,
And the world, the same as ever,
Went round on its weary journey,
With its living, with its dying.
But the olden year was buried,
In the silent past was buried—
With its joy and with its sorrow,
With its deeds, both good and wicked—
By the icy hand of winter,
In the silent past forever.

W. W. CAMPBELL.

HIGHWAY AND BY-WAY.

HE who loves the By-ways of life, whose happiness consists in doing what others do *not* do, and in leaving the beaten track and the dusty Highway, to strike out for himself into untrodden or forbidden paths, delights to plunge into the woods and follow some stream of ethereal clearness through all its windings, under fairy bridges of fallen trees, covered with bright green moss; to explore the bottom of some deep ravine, where the sky is but a shred of blue above the pines, or to climb among banks and cliffs, where safety depends on sure step and well-strung nerves.

To such a one, and to him alone, belong in their fulness such beauties as that of the maple-leaves all abronze in the early autumn, with perhaps a single tree blazing with colour, like the mystical bush on Horeb—of the whole hill-side later, a sun-lit mass of crimson, russet, and gold,—of the whole land, later still, "Like a dream" in the purple Indian summer, with the sun, a drop of blood overhead.

E. C.

A BALLADE OF COMMENCEMENT DAY.

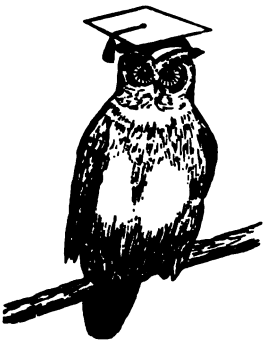
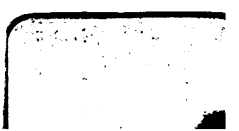
TO-DAY the maiden Spring doth smile again
After her tears; to-day the roses blow
All glistening from a sun-lit fall of rain,
As eke the crocuses in flaming row,
And violets and lilies white as snow,
And all the sweet spring flowers of beauty rare;
But there be other flowers of grace, I trow,
The sweet girl graduates with their golden hair.

Now to the Hall their way they all have ta'en;
And cap and gown in due procession go,
And chant a mystic chant, with weird refrain,
And blare of trumpets. Ceremonies slow
There are, with pomp and solemn state enow;
Thereafter doth McKim, with gentle care,

Bestow the "swansdown" tenderly,—and lo!
The sweet girl graduates with their golden hair.

A day in leafy June, and one is fain
To watch the sunbeams playing to and fro,
Thro' the tall elms! from which, as his domain
Ancestral, undisturbed, the aged crow
Peers sagely down upon the folk below,
The murmuring lawns, and all the gladness there,—
The happy faces, and the voices low,
The sweet girl graduates with their golden hair.

ENVOY.

Prince, take heed of the blinded boy, with bow
And fluttering darts to smite thee! Prince, beware;
His darts are glances from their eyes, I trow:
The sweet girl graduates with their golden hair!

W. J. Healy.